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REFLECTOR

JUNE
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THE REFLECTOR

for JUNE 1936

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS AT

CLIFTON HIGH SCHOOL
CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY



Foreword

It is the hope of the editor that this Reflector may help to keep alive memories of friendships and activities which you have enjoyed during this year of high school.

It is her still dearer hope that the Reflector will symbolize the spirit of Clifton High School.

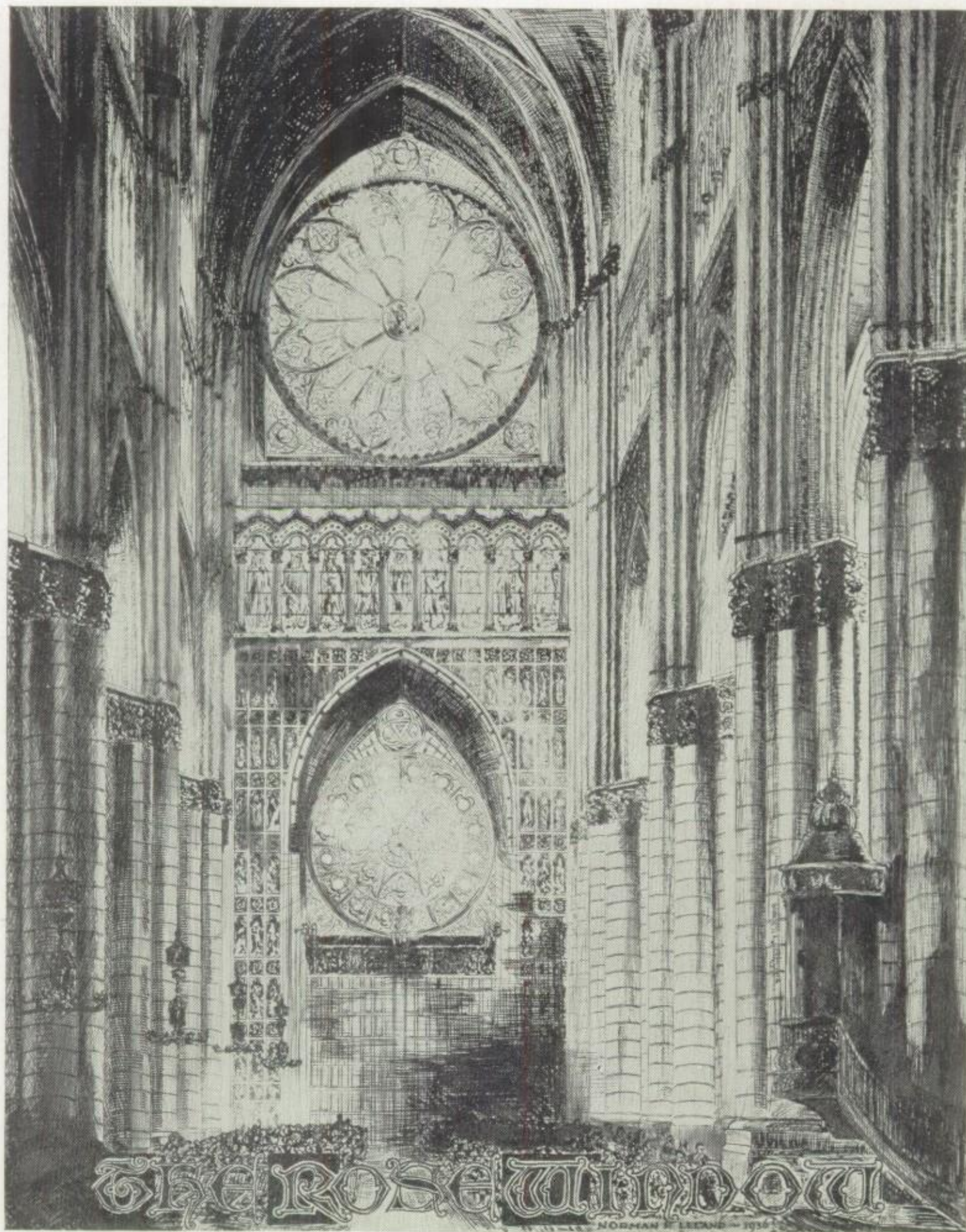
The editor extends her thanks to all patrons and patronesses, and to those of you who have solicited advertisements and subscriptions. Had it not been for your interest and assistance, the June 1936 Reflector could not have been published.

May this Reflector be that tangible manifestation of life at C.H.S. that you have anticipated.

Dedication

To Mrs. Cecil Gardner, who has faithfully served Clifton High School as Registrar, and who, with gracious friendliness, has given assistance to each person who has in any way sought it, this June 1936 issue of the Reflector is appreciatively dedicated. The Staff hereby expresses gratefulness to one whom we all regard as a friend.





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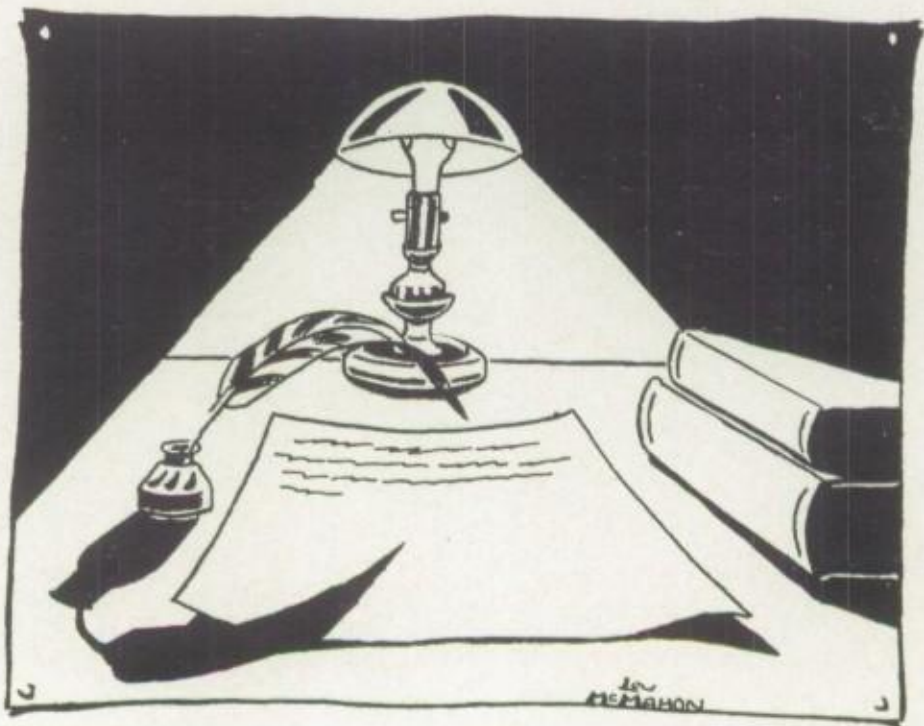
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LITERATURE





Jumpin' ter Conclusions

By Lester Rhoads, June '37

A group of old fishermen were sitting on Thompson's wharf one day. Instead of swapping their usual yarns, they were discussing the heated remarks of a young fellow in a

gold-braided yachting uniform who was fussing around with an outboard motor boat on the beach.

"Them new-fangled contraptions is always a-gettin' out o' order," remarked an old salt, spitting a wad of plug at a floating bottle, with the practice of years showing in his accuracy. "Ef'n he war wise, he'd throw the danged thing away an' get a sloop. No noise, fuss, er smelly engines."

"Them rich fellers ain't no sailors, that's why," said another gray-beard. "Chicken-livered. Put in at the first sign of a blow."

At the stranger's approach, however, they became silent, and watched cynically as he heated the air with some remarks he never had learned from his mother.

"What's the matter, son? Havin' a little trouble?"

"A little trouble! Say, are you trying to get wise? I'm having a lot of trouble. Wait 'till I get the fellow who sold me that heap of junk. Why, I wouldn't use it for ballast! If he thinks he can get away with—"

"Calm down, young feller. Yer jumpin' ter conclusions, en' that's bad. Feller darn near killed 'is shipmate that-a-way once. Fact! It was down off—"

"Say, now I suppose I'll have to listen to some old woman's tale that'll take all afternoon. Can't you see I'm busy?" But after a pause he took a seat and queried, "Well?"

"As I war sayin', before I war so rudely interrupted by a young skate what ain't no sailor, it war down off the west coast of Florida in Tampa Bay. Brownie Jacobs allus went thar winters in his pinky. Yer know what a pinky is, don't yer? Well, it's a craft what ain't a sloop an' it ain't a catboat, an' it don't look more like one than t' other."

"A very clear and accurate description," murmured the young man, "but never mind, go on."

"Wall, Brownie's mate, Ole Swenson, bein' a sort of mechanic as well as a ship-builder, sail maker, seaman, fisherman, and carpenter, had rigged up a engine. New-fangled idees they war then, too. 'Twas only useful in calm water and when, on the way south to Tampa, the early November squalls bit the coast, that old engine just shook herself clear out o' her moorings and raised a terrible rumpus in the hold. Brownie and Ole had an awful time. The

sails, double-reefed, mind ye, were tearin' away, so they stripped 'er down to the bare poles. Even so they made twelve knots. The *Maine*, thet bein' the pinky's name, war a stout ship, though. New England oak, and not a nail in 'er. Wood pegs. Fact! So she weathered the blow an' Brownie and Ole put into Tampa Bay without so much as her main-truck split. The engine war a wreck, though, an' when they tied up at Bert's wharf the bilge war leakin' fast. They put 'er in drydock, where she sorta sighed and collapsed.

"Bert war an old friend o' Brownie's what was druv south 'cause o' the the competition of steam trawlers. Him bein' a doryman for a cod schooner he natch'r'ly wouldn't have anythin' to do with steam ships. Him bein' a old friend, he natch'r'ly didn't want ter take money fer his work. He took a percent'ge of the catch, though, 'cause Brownie and Ole insisted.

"All that day Bert and his carpenters worked on the hull. Ole helped a mite, too, and by the time evenin' come along she war as tight as a drum. Both boys slept on the boat, neither one nor t' other havin' much cash.

"Next day dawned bright an' clear with a fresh southeast breeze a' blowin' out inter the Gulf. Thet bay war swarmin' with sharks, an' they was all signs of good fishin'.

"Sharks, yer know, is sold by ship-load to the big canneries 'long the coast. They can thet shark meat in sauces and disguise it all up like mack'rel. Nice, tender, juicy meat, shark. Fact! Th' skins are tanned an' sold too. They fetch a mighty fair price in season.

"Wall, seein' the breeze an sharks, an' considerin' thet the bilge war tight, Ole persuaded Brownie to sail without the engine.

"On the way out they brought out the shark tackle. Yer have ter have special shaped hooks fer sharks, with a iron shank near half's big as my arm.

"A shark's mouth takes up half his head and is where his belly ought ter be, only it ain't. His teeth slant innards, an' when he's got hold o' su'thin', there's no lettin' go.

"On the way out, they wiped the mildew off'n the lines and scraped the rust off the iron with pumice. The job was done when they reached the middle o' the bay, an' all they had to do was slap a half a' pound o' salt pork on the hooks and let go. The sharks wuz hungry, an' as soon as the hooks hit the water they got strikes.

"Wall, 'bout noon they wuz pullin' in fish so fast they didn't notice the sails go slack. Thet fresh breeze had sorta petered out, and the pinky was calmed. When they had the boat filled ter the waists, an' yer know it takes a lot o' sharks to fill a pinky, Brownie lets out a yip an' hollers, 'I told ya so!'

"'You bane tall me wha?'' Ole yells back. Yer know them Swede fellers has a funny dialek.

"An' so they jawed back an' forth while the sun beat down, an' it commenced gettin' so hot yer could cut the air with a knife. When it got too hot ter jaw, they flopped down in th' bows. Arter awhile Ole sings out, 'Oi bane roast like chicken here', an' he got up an' sat down on a pile o' dead sharks under the awning they had rigged over the deck so the fish wouldn't get ripe afore their time. Awful strong stummiks them Swedes got. Brownie jes'

grunted an' rolled over on his stummik.

"Arter a while Ole found a newspaper wrapped around the salt pork bait and commenced readin' 'loud. It seems thet people had been a' goin' crazy with histeriks around thet part o' Florida from stayin' out in the hot sun too long. Ole found a piece in the paper thet told all about it and read it through to Brownie. When he was finished, he told Brownie, 'Yo' better not lay in thet sun. Yo' go crazy like them peepul.'

"Twarn't no use, though. Brownie jus' grunted an' shifted his back square inter the blazin' sun. From then on Ole read his paper to himself. On an' on he read, an' the sun got hotter an' hotter. Just as Ole was dozin' off, Brownie gave a yell and started jumpin' up an' down around the deck. Ole war pretty near scared out o' his pants. 'Yo' see,' he says, 'now wha' I tell yo?' But Brownie's only answer wuz another screech what wuz turrible to hear, an' with the bay teemin' with sharks, he dived overboard and disappeared. Ole ran to the rail, but 'e could see nuther hide nor hair o' him. Arter a while, Brownie came ter the top an' struck out fer the boat. Ole grabbed a boat-hook and was goin' ter pull him in, but when Brownie busted out laffin' like he war a' goin' ter bust, Ole changed his mind an' held him off with it.

"Brownie took one look at them big fins circlin' closer an' let out another yell what shook the timbers an' nigh scared the sharks. Ole ducked 'im with the boat-hook to cool 'im off. 'Twaren't no use, though. Fin'ly Brownie got enough wind ter holler at Ole, 'Lemme aboard ye ——— fool. Are ye crazy?'

"'Naw, oi no bane crazy,' he jaws back. 'Yo bane crazy, but I no got scared.'

"No, Ole war'n't scared all right. Him with a oak deck unner 'is feet an' a six foot by two pole in 'is hands. Naw, he war'n't scared.

"Brownie managed ter say suthin' 'bout a pack o' matches what had ablazed up in 'is pocket, an' then he yelled that the shark had got 'im by the foot. Ole quick started pullin' him in with the hook, but thet war too slow fer Brownie. He started shinny'n up the pole with thet shark ahangin' onter 'is foot. The extry weight war too much fer Ole, an' he let go. Brownie an' the shark went in again with a splash, but he'd grabbed fer th' rail, and when 'e did thet he pushed th' boathook down the shark's throat and nigh out 'is tail.

"Wall, somehow Brownie got disat-tached from the shark in the water an' Ole got him aboard. 'Oi thought you



bane one 'them crazy fellers.'

"'Never mind thet,' Brownie hollered at him, all excited-like. 'Get that shark.'

"Ole looked at him like he war really crazy. 'Wa' fo' yo' want thet shark?' he says. 'Yo' got whole boat shark'.

"But Brownie only gets more excited-like and says, 'Yeh, but thet's the only shark in the seven seas what is got my toe in 'is jawrs!'

"Wall, they got the shark aboard. Brownie's foot war bleedin' turrible, so Ole goes down the forehatch and gets a handful of cobwebs an' sticks them on whar the toe uster was, only ain't.

"He bandaged it up slick's a whistle, and they waited for a breeze.

"Ef'n Ole hadn't jumped ter conclusions like he thought Brownie war crazy, maybe he'd be havin' 'is toe today."

After the old fisherman had finished his tale, he sat silently as if reminiscing. The young man looked at him scornfully.

"Do you expect me to believe that?" he asked.

"I'm not askin' yer, I'm tellin' yer. I've still got thet shark stuffed with thet toe between his teeth slick's a whistle," and he looked around at the rest of the group. They nodded wisely.

"Well, I've got to find a mechanic for that motor," answered the young man, rising from his seat. "Probably cost me plenty."

"Thar ye go, jumpin' ter conclusions again. Ef'n ye'd put some gasoline inter thet motor instead of stuff from thet kerosene jug I seen ye fussin' with, maybe it'd go."

Rain

Alberta Oosterhout, June '36

Rain—silvery drops on my window pane,
Beautiful, silvery drops:
Angels' tears are falling down to earth.
Flowers lift their faces to be cleansed;
Trees and bushes wave their hands and bend.
All grows calm—creation is renewed,
And angels' tears have ceased to fall.

Hope

By Barbara Trojan, Post-graduate

The air is sweet,
and the dew sprinkled grass
glistens in the glory of the sunrise.
The sunrise—the beginning of a new day.
One which may bring happiness, sorrow, death.
What if sorrow?
But, O friend! there is always a sunset,
and a new sunrise that ushers in
another day.

The Innocence of Children

By Norman Leland, June '36

Children, contrary to popular belief, are not as innocent as they sometimes appear. I have seen many who look like little cherubim, but who are, in reality, little demons.

For instance, there was Freddie. Freddie lived with his mother and father in a small, quiet New England town.

Now Freddie's mother had a habit of sending little Freddie down to the corner store for various supplies; for these, she invariably ran a charge account. Freddie, who had his share of intelligence, soon recognised the simplicity of going into the store and getting what was needed by asking for a "slip".

One day little Freddie, with several of his allies, decided to make pies and cakes. They started out, innocently enough, by diluting some brown earth with water until a proper degree of adhesiveness had been reached. After a time they became tired of such unconvincing results. Their cakes did not even slightly resemble anything that they had seen at home; furthermore, the results looked anything but palatable.

This situation was thoughtfully remedied by Freddie. He had seen his mother use eggs in her cakes.

With wicked cleverness, Freddie remembered the corner store. Into the store he went, first admonishing his companions to wait outside or Mr. Clark might think something amiss. In as short a time as it takes to tell about it, Freddie was out again with two dozen of Mr. Clark's best *strictly fresh* eggs and a "slip".

Back to the scene of the first experiments they trooped. After fifteen minutes or so of more advanced research with the soil and water mixture, but with the added ingredient of nine eggs, a very sticky, yellowish-brown batter ensued. They even went as far as to heat the mixture on an old sheet of metal until dry; still, none of them wished to take advantage of the calories and vitamins in the concoction. In that respect, Mr. Clark's eggs were dissipated.

However, it was great sport to make things with real eggs, which Freddie generously supplied. As children will, after indulging several times they wearied of the diversion; but this fact did not prevent them from finding new and better advantages in the use of eggs. Freddie proved himself to be an inventive genius on the subject by revealing to his compatriots that they make very satisfactory projectiles to be employed against the other progeny in the neighborhood.

This discovery was enthusiastically received by Freddie's friends, and it was through this enthusiasm that Freddie's down-fall occurred and the source of the eggs was cut off.

Barbara-Jane, one of the little girls in the vicinity, was out for a walk with her doll carriage. She strolled blissfully along, completely unaware of the foul plot Freddie was conceiving.

Without warning, a barrage of the fragile missiles burst on and about the young lady's person, with disastrous effects to both young lady and perambulator.

The sequel to the bombardment of the young Miss took place early in the

afternoon. A telephone call shattered the peace and calm of Freddie's home, and his mother regretfully put aside her sewing. There followed numerous ejaculations of dismay and distracted apologies. Barbara-Jane's mother was extremely vituperative about Freddie's activities, and expressed her emotion in rapid, angry, and lengthy sputtering.

Needless to say, Freddie's dietetical inclinations were abruptly terminated, as well as his talent for marksmanship. From the sounds issuing from the house when his father arrived, one could almost believe that Freddie himself had terminated. The origin of the egg supply and the amount and price were all taken into consideration, and I rather think that Freddie slept more comfortably on his stomach that night.

One need not go as far as New England, however, to see young innocence in its full glory.

Several days ago, attracted to the window by a great clamor outside, I saw a congregation of children in the street. They had all varieties of vehicles, from bicycles to roller-skates, but only two at the time were in use. As I watched, fascinated, I discerned two apart from the rest, one Master Drew, and Billy. They were approximately twenty yards apart, in wagons, and facing each other. Someone in the group apparently gave the signal. They made for each other at top speed.

CRASH!

Billy was thrown out onto the street by the impact; he was not hurt, but was full of righteous indignation—well, at least indignation. He seemed to be trying to communicate to Master Drew that he had violated the regulations of the tournament. Master Drew evidently remained uncomprehensive, because Billy became violent when he received no satisfaction. His right hand landed solidly on Master Drew's visage.

In a moment they were clawing, punching, and bawling in outraged fury. Meanwhile, those who had been spectators joined the fracas. The boys assisted, mostly verbally, but the weaker sex aided the winner of the tourney by administering resounding kicks on any part of Billy's anatomy that came into view until I ran out and rescued him from enraged juvenile citizenry.

Not only are they like the old Romans in their desire for gladiatorial combats, but the majority seem to aspire to the modern type of piracy commonly known as racketeering. From the time they get up until they go to bed, they are industriously secreting themselves in bushes, garages, and any other convenient hiding place. They imaginarily shoot each other down just as ruthlessly as the gangsters themselves.

My stand on this subject may be biased, because usually our back-yard is used for their hideout, and there are numerous raids on it every Saturday morning. The raids themselves aren't so bad, but coupled with puerile shrieking, they entirely disrupt the sleep I'm trying so desperately to make up.

Today I was startled into wakefulness by a raucous debate as to whether Jimmy was dead or not. After vainly trying to induce them to leave for a yard down the street which has as many admirable qualities as ours, I equally vainly tried to get back to sleep. But it was like trying to recapture an eluded dream. The disgruntlement of this frustrated desire indirectly led me to write this defamatory outburst on the innocence—and gentleness—of children.



Destiny's Road

By Richard H. Young, June '37

The time-worn *Four-wheels and Goes* rolled to a stop in front of the Colinsville General Store—rolled to a stop because that was all it could

do. Long ago its brakes had been consumed on the daily trip from Ebenezer Stiles' home to his store, a distance of about a mile. The road running out that way was little used because of its danger spots. Chief among these was the *Devil's Slide*. Leading from town the road at one point made a sharp right turn, dipped down at a terrific angle, and a thousand feet down the hill swerved left around a rock wall. Straight ahead lay the *Slide*. A thin board fence was the only protection from a perpendicular drop to the rocks below. Thus had the brakes been used up, and lately Stiles had used another road.

So much by way of explanation—and back to town. Eb Stiles detached himself from the steering-wheel, climbed down to the dust, and ambled over to his store.

"'Mawnin'," drawled a bystander.

Eb looked up and beheld the person of Slim Perkins, Eb's oldest friend and best customer.

"'Mawnin'," returned Eb, as he drew out his jangling keys and opened the store.

"Bin waitin' here 'bout half hour," said Slim. "But I don't mind, so long as it helps you."

"Thanks," returned Stiles. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," he thought. With that, he walked over behind the counter to serve his friend.

"What'll it be this mawnin'?" he asked.

"Quart 'uh milk, roll 'uh flypaper, some apples—and a fryin' pan."

"Need a new fryin' pan, eh? Well, I've just one left. Dollar and a half. But I'll let you have it for a dollar."

"Nothing doing!" ejaculated the customer. "You charge me full price and fergit it."

Ed added up the amount, and as he did so, a slight haze came into his eyes. Here, he reflected, was one who had stood with him through thick and thin.

Long years ago they had had many good times together. Eb had got himself a wife, but Slim remained unmarried. Then, fifteen years later, when his wife died, Slim had helped Eb in every way that he could. Only Eb's daughter, Sylvia, was left, and Eb devoted all his attentions to her. Just now Slim was again lending him the helping hand in supporting Ebenezer's rapidly

falling business.

"Since that chain store opened 'cross the way, I've lost a tol'ble lot o' customers," said Eb.

"Certainly is a shame," Slim observed. "I still can't see, though, why you didn't sell out to them, 'stead o' lettin' them take away yore business."

"Nothin' doin'," came back Stiles. "If I can't buy and sell as I please, I don't want to do it at all. And then, most likely they'd shift me to some strange town where I'd know nobody or be known—an' I couldn't take part in the community affairs. No, sirree! I stay right here. Here's your groceries, Slim, and your change."

"Keep it—the change, I mean. 'Twon't do me as much good as 'twill you."

The two shuffled over to the door and went out on the porch. Eb sat down on the bench there and pulled out his pipe. Then he produced his tobacco wallet.

"Um," he mused, peering into it, "not much left. Guess I'll have to get some inside."

"Well, I'll be toddlin' along now, Eb," said Slim. "Be seein' yuh later—at the rest'rant."

"So long, Slim."

Well, Eben got his tobacco. It was the last he had in the store. But Eb figured it was all right; no one would be likely to buy it anyway. Since the new chain place started business across the way, his own business had sagged, even as a clothesline sags with Monday's wash. Its prices were, naturally, much lower than his. Now, no one was going to pay a high price for an article when the same thing could be obtained elsewhere for a few cents less. Every penny counted, and so the *Streamline Grocery Sales* stuck its fangs into Stiles' business.

"I'm on my last legs," thought the man. "Don't know how much longer I can keep on. If that store pulls its prices down any further, I'm lost. Only enough left to keep this place open. Look at all the people over there buyin' the place out. What a break some people get! Nearly all my savin's gone now."

He brushed a suspicious drop from his cheek.

"Thought I'd be able to give Sylvia a good education and a happy life, but I guess that's just another dream gone forever."

And thus his thoughts ran on. For nearly an hour and a half he sat there with his pipe, having nothing to do. Once, someone stopped in for a broom and a tin of Epsom Salts. That was all for the morning.

At noon he locked up his dingy establishment and walked over to the lunch room. Entering the place he went to the rear, where he found Perkins munching a ham on rye.

"Hello," greeted Slim.

"'Lo, Slim," he returned, but his words were hardly audible.

"Saay, what's the matter with you, anyhow?" came from Slim, after he gulped the last of the sandwich.

"Would you be very glad if your life savin's was gone, your business

ruined, and no prospects for the future?"

"Shore now, don't you worry. You'll come through all right. Won't he, Doc?" said Slim, turning his head to the waiter at this last.

"Why sure, Eben. Everything's going to be just fine," was the reply.

Eb was silent, except for ordering his meal, which was none too big.

"Already owe Doc eleven-forty," was Ebenezer's explanation. "And next week's rent week. That ole store! And that manager!" He fairly sobbed those last words.

At that particular point in walked—none other than the new chain store manager.

"Speak of the Devil, and there he is," commented Slim under his breath.

Eb jumped off the stool and started for the door. Slim grabbed him.

"Hey! You ain't leavin', are yuh?"

"'Course, 'course, I'm goin'—"

"Where to? Corsica?" sallied Phil, the manager.

"Lissen here, young feller, none o' your lip. You've made me enough trouble already." With that he hurst out the door and made for his store.

All afternoon Eben brooded over his misfortunes, so that when evening came he was glad to put his "CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT" sign in the window and start for home.

II

At home Sylvia Stiles was left to herself most of the time. This she did not mind, for she had become used to it during the five years after her mother's death, and, at twenty-three, she was capable of caring for herself. In the morning she did the housework; the afternoon was hers.

Recently she had been having a visitor. A man visitor. At first he came only occasionally, but now had grown to be as regular as clockwork. His name was Philip Beeche. His occupation—manager of the *Streamline Groceries Sales* in Colinsville. Phil worked on a morning shift, and therefore he conveniently had his P. M.'s free, too. Sometimes he just came and visited. At other times he took Sylvia for a ride. Of all this her father knew nothing.

On this particular afternoon:

Honk, honk! "O Sylvia!"

"Coming, Phil." A slim figure ran from house to car.

"What'll it be this afternoon?"

"A ride, I think."

The door slammed, the motor whined, and a cloud of dust curled as the powerful car moved off and quickly gathered momentum.

They talked on that ride. Talked a lot. About the scenery, about people, and in particular about themselves. They talked of love—and even of marriage. It was Phil who opened up this topic.

"Sylvia."

"Yes?"

"Why don't you and I get married?" Out of a clear sky, mind you.

"Wha—wha—why, Phil, you're joking!"

"No, I mean every word I say. I love you and you—" he paused, "you do love me, don't you?"

"Yes, I—I—" Sylvia was frustrated. "But think of father. You know he'll never consent."

"Even if I were to agree to support him as well as you?"

"Even if you did, the answer'd be the same."

"Well, we don't have to have his consent. We can go off, get m—"

"Phil, stop. Much as I love you, I couldn't think of leaving father like that. And I know he'd never let you support him, even if we did get married. He'd starve first."

She would have said more, but her thoughts were interrupted by a peculiar sound. It seemed all around them. At first it was in front, then on one side of the car, then underneath. A peculiar gurgling, followed by a cough or two and a sigh. But it was no human sound. Mystified as they might be, both agreed on that.

"It must be the motor," decided Philip.

Just then the noise stopped. So did the motor. And so did the car. As it rolled to a halt, Phil jumped out and lifted the hood. Very good advice. Whenever anything goes wrong with your car, be sure to lift the hood, and nine times out of ten (unless you're the mechanic at the town garage) you'll say, "Hanged if I know."

Which was just the formula Philip Beeche used.

"Hanged if I know. An almost new car, but right away it has to get temperamental. Sort of like your father, Sylvia."

"Phil, I wish you wouldn't say things like that about my father. But," she added, "he doesn't like you and neither does the car, so maybe you're right."

"Well, let's see," the young fellow muttered. "Nothing wrong here—hummm—seems all right. Yeppy, everything okay here. Gosh darn you." He thumped the car. "What's your secret, anyhow?"

After so saying he started a thorough examination, in which Sylvia tried to help, giving as much aid as a tooth-pick pinch-hitting for a baseball bat. So busily were the two engaged, that they neither saw nor heard an approaching car. Not until it was exactly opposite Beeche's machine did either look up. Then, and only then, did Sylvia peer around one corner of the roadster to see who the newcomer was. She would have fallen backwards except for Phil's support, as he had been standing just behind her.

At this moment the other car stopped, and Ebenezer Stiles looked up to see what was the matter. Great was his astonishment, then, when he saw his daughter in the arms of this man.

Since his wife had died Eb was very jealous of anyone who made any suspicious advances toward his daughter. Up to now he had suspected nothing, however. This sudden revelation of what had been going on behind his back, came as a jolt. But what made it hurt so was the fact that his daughter had chosen the very man who had ruined her father's business—or at least, so he thought. This was too much for him. Something snapped within. Anger and despair fought for control of his face. Anger won.

He descended and approached the couple threateningly.

"So, young man, you're not satisfied with breakin' up my business; now you're stealin' my daughter and breakin' my heart!"

"But, Mr. St——" He got no further.

"Don't 'Mr. Stiles' me. I've heard enough from you, Sylvia. Get in the car."

Up to now Sylvia had quietly looked on.

"But, father, he loves me," she cried.

"You don't suppose I'm blind, do you?"

"I—I love him, too!"

"What!"

"Yes, we were talking of getting married, Mr. Stiles," said Phil.

"Sylvia, get in the car! Did you hear me?"

She obeyed, climbing in the back. Eben got in and started the car going.

"Where are we going, father?"

"We're goin' home!" There was an ominous look in his eyes, and his jaw was set.

For the minute Phil was taken aback at what had just occurred, but not for long. Quickly he locked his car.

"Wherever that girl goes, I go too," he said to himself. "No telling what the old man's likely to do now."

The rattle of fenders and other loose parts, and the roar of the motor drowned out all sounds of Phil's pursuit on foot. Quickly he caught up with the aged machine, for Stile's car never could go very fast. Then with a leap Phil landed on the spare hung on the rear. He climbed over the back and tumbled on the floor beside the startled Sylvia.

"Shh, don't let him know I'm here. I'll try to help you out of this mess."

The girl was too upset to say anything. Just then, anyway. So old Ebenezer drove on, unmindful of his extra passenger.

Soon he came to a fork in the road. To the left was the dangerous road leading directly home. Eb approached the fork without slackening speed—what speed there was. He took the *left* fork.

At that time both the girl and Phil were crouching on the floorboards. She was helping him get in a comfortable position where he wouldn't be seen. She did not see which way they had gone.

Suddenly the car gave a lurch, which sent Sylvia against the left door, and threw it open. She would have rolled out had not Phil grabbed her.

"That was close!" she breathed. Then she got the impression that the vehicle was going downgrade. She sat up and looked out.

Nine hundred feet ahead the Devil's Slide was charging directly at her!

"Father! Father!" she screamed, "the brakes, the brakes—put on the br——" She got no farther but sank to the floor. The awful realization dawned upon her that the machine was now a mad runaway, hell-bent for destruction. It gathered speed every fleeting moment. The telephone poles seemed like teeth in a comb. The two in the back bounced around, trying to catch hold of something, but every time something came within reach, the car swerved and knocked them away.

On Eb's face was a grim smile. On Sylvia's, a look of horror. On Phil's, fear, anger, and surprise played a game of tag. He thought of jumping out with the girl, but that would be fatal, he knew. He tried to get control of the steering wheel, but suddenly they were at the bottom of the incline. The road turned. The car did not. A sickening crash came as the frail fence gave way to the onrushing behemoth which was Ebenezer Stiles' auto.

Far out over the cliff it shot. Time stood still, as, for an awful moment, the car seemed to hang there in space. Then, like a plummet, it fell, striking the terrible rocks below with a ghastly explosion. Livid sheets of flame shot out on every side.

* * * * *

Next day the sign still stood in the window of a general store in Colinsville.

Closed for the Night. It would be a very long night. The dawn was a good way off.

All of which transpired because one young man forgot to check his supply of gasoline.

Youth, Take Heed!

By Dorothy O'Conner, June, '36

Youth, listen and take heed;
We, the aged, have lived, and know.
Then the children cry this answer,
"We need not your help, foolish old ones."

"Be careful 'ere your Rubicon be crossed too soon;
Stay awhile beneath the guardian wing.
Ye know not life, its pitfalls cleverly concealed."

"Yea! advice ye give freely.
We will none of it.
Wherefore were we born unto this world?
To live, to love, to learn.

"These things ye have already done,
And, now that your day is nearly o'er,
Ye bid us tarry until it is too late.

"We would see the glories of the world,
Love and be loved.
Can't not understand?
We are like unto you, for we are your children."

Defense Against Agents

By Harold Miller, June '36

The person who can successfully defend himself against every kind of peddler or panhandler who comes to his door is truly a genius. There is a surprising number of people who make their living by door-to-door soliciting, as I learned while I was trying to make repairs on our back porch one day last summer.

The day was one of the hottest that I have experienced. There was not a cloud or a haze in the sky; everything that grew in the ground was parched to a crisp—seemingly crackling in the very slight breeze. Old Sol was having a fine time and was operating under full capacity.

As I was slowly replacing old rotted boards in the porch, a young man of about my own age entered the yard. At his side was carelessly slung a canvas bag such as is used by the vast hoards of magazine peddlers, of whom this youth was a member. The first intruder was an easy one to dispose of. One merely had to repeat that old slogan, "Sorry, but we have ours delivered by mail." When this excuse had worked like a charm, and the young man had gone, I resumed my repair-work.

A few minutes later, when the vegetable-man came, I had to climb the forty wearisome steps to the attic, where mother was doing some dusting. To my infinite disgust I had come all the way from the ground floor in vain—I learned that we needed nothing in the vegetable line that day. Down the stairs I came in a sullen rage and sent this peddler away.

Next came the newspaper boy, who was collecting for the week's subscription. When I reached the attic this time, I was told that I must search for mother's pocketbook, for she had forgotten where she had left it. In fifteen minutes, after an exasperating search, I succeeded in locating the money and paying the paper boy, who immediately left.

Once more I picked up the hammer and began laboriously pounding nails into a new board. Soon I noticed that a familiar cat was, as usual, in the garbage can and was quite joyously pushing tin cans onto the ground. Since picking up tin cans is not one of my favorite sports, I easily disposed of him with a well-aimed rock, at the same time satisfying my desire to throw something at somebody.

Fifteen minutes later a policeman appeared on the scene. Suddenly I remembered the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but I did not know how it could have acted so quickly.

"How many dogs do you have here, sonny?" asked Mr. Brassbuttons.

"Why, only one, sir," I replied, a sinking feeling coming to my stomach. I was well relieved that I was apparently not to be punished for the cat episode, yet I could not help but be concerned about my dog, which is one of my closest friends.

"Now don't try to stall me," said the blue-clad enforcer of the law. "The people in this neighborhood have been complaining about a bunch of hounds here for the past week."

"But that's impossible," I replied. "All the neighbors like our dog. We keep him in at night, and he has never bit—oh, I know whom you're after! There is a place on the next street where they have a few dogs—that's funny, the number of the house is eighty-one, same as ours!"

"Well, I'll go there; but, boy, if you're stringin' me, you'll pay for it."

With the departure of the policeman, I made my decision hereafter to be nice to all cats, no matter what harm they may do. My temperature went down ten points, and I resumed the porch mending. By the speed I was making then, I probably would have finished by suppertime; but this was not to be, for soon a middle-aged gentleman appeared on the scene.

I knew by the way he looked at me that I was in for quite a lecture before he would leave. He started in by trying to sell me seeds for the garden. When I told him that I could not be bothered with raising flowers, he replied that he would sell me some very good tomato plants cheap. Then he began his lecture on how nice it is to have a garden all your own; how good the vegetables taste when they come right off the vines; and how you would save money as well as have a lot of fun in raising these tomatoes. I was just about to give up and order a few plants to get rid of him, when—

"How much did you say those plants are?" came mother's welcome voice from the attic window. The tomato-peddler then gave her the same convincing lecture he had given me.

After I had done my best all day to keep from buying something, my whole day was ruined when mother surrendered to the first attack she met—or had she heard all the others, including the cop, through the attic window?

Sailing Up the Solent

by Nancy Green, June '36

Breakfast had been taken some hours before, so we were all on deck, excited at the thought of finally reaching our goal—Southampton. The fog which had covered the slightly-rolling sea since dawn suddenly lifted, and we found ourselves in the Solent.

As the mist cleared, it seemed as if an enormous emerald rose out of the sea. There it lay—peaceful and undisturbed by the hundreds of curious eyes now trained upon it. You see, this is no ordinary island—but the Isle of Wight. To most people this may not mean anything, but to an Englishman it means the summer of good Queen Victoria.

From the shore, where the white waves dash on the shining beach, the land gently rises to a crown of an old, picturesque castle. The moss-covered building is nestled peacefully among the friendly trees. The surrounding countryside looks like an old oil painting. Here and there wave red and orange poppies, while among them graze a number of black and white cows.

This little island seems to typify the peacefulness and solidity of England; it stands for everything the British people have striven for through the ages.

Sport Shirts, and How

By Warren E. Erbe, June '37

Out of the thick steam which filled the shower room of the Altooner "Wildcats," came the cheerful, shouting voices of the players.

"Boy, oh boy, did you see me hit those three over the fence? Did I make that pitcher look silly!" yelled Jake Flowers, heavy slugging second baseman of the Wildcats.

"Three out of four for me," remarked Hank Gowdy, the pudgy center fielder.

"W-all," drawled Alabama Jones, the first baseman, "I-all got me foh hits, if-n that thar scorer didn't rob me o' that last double."

Pitcher Dutch Dowling was howling with glee. He had made four hits including a home run, which established him as the leading hitter of the league. It did not matter to him that he had just lost his twenty-seventh game.

The whole team was in a joyful mood, even though their loss had firmly entrenched them in last place in the Buckeye league. They had lost their last twelve games, but did not seem the least bit depressed over this fact.

The only men who were glum were Tony Rondetti and Purdy Johnson, for they had gone hitless in the afternoon's game.

This scene was typical of the Wildcats' dressing room. The club was composed of a group of hardy veterans who believed in frequent hits and did not bother over games won or lost. Manager Mike Randolph was one of the old school of baseball players, and threatened to kick off anyone who dared to bunt instead of hitting. It did not matter to him that Zeke Hupfel's extreme slowness permitted many flies hit to his sector to fall fair; and that Butch Jamison, at third, could hardly pick up a grounder, as long as they hit in the neighborhood of .360. The whole team was picked mainly for their hitting strength rather than for their fielding ability. To Mike it made no difference that the team was last in the league as long as they led the league in batting.

Things rolled on happily until one morning, as Mike Randolph sat in his office, the telephone jangled loudly. As he replaced the receiver he swore to himself. "Bah, curse the luck; more of that dang office interference. Now they are wishing that punk Dugan on me, and I gotta play him immediately, even with Jake hitting .379. Curse the luck."

As he opened the morning edition of the Daily Star in the locker room the following day, he spotted the headlines: "Wildcats purchase sensational rookie." It went on to list Tommy Dugan's capabilities and told of his college life and his participation in many sports there. It mentioned that he was a flashy fielder and had set a college record for double plays, though he batted only .276.

Jake Flowers, the Wildcats' second baseman, was worried, for he knew that he had slowed down considerably and was in danger of losing his position.

"Well," broke in Tony Rondetti, hefty left fielder, "what shall we do? Give him an easy time and let him set an example for other college boys who want our jobs?"

"Like heck," sneered Hank Gowdy. "We'll give him a hard time trying to break in with us."

"If he gets a good throw from me on those double plays, my name ain't Purdy," said Johnson, the short stop.

Blimp Arnolds, the immense catcher, grinned. "Don't worry; no college boy will get your job if I have my way about it."

The next day, on his arrival at the ball park, Mike's anger was aroused at the sight of a stocky, rather sawed off, but alert athlete in a many hued sport shirt. Now if there was one thing that Mike could not stand it was guys who wore what he termed "them new fangled sport shirts." In fact, there was a rule in the club forbidding the wearing of such clothes. Bitterly reflecting upon this, Mike entered the locker room. Zeke Hupfel yelled out none too gently, "Where's the rah-rah boy? Has he got a chaperone with him?" Mike was in the act of replying when several other players uttered cries of amazement, and Blimp Arnolds managed to murmur, "Gosh, take a gander at that shirt!" Mike wheeled, and there in front of him stood the same fellow he had noticed as he entered the ball park.

Within a few seconds Tommy Dugan had sensed the hostility of the players, but he broke out cheerfully, "Well, so you're the famous Wildcats." Then he added, "This is me, Tommy Dugan, in person, and you'd better like me, for if you don't I'll make you. He took them completely by surprise as though he had just dropped through the roof, and they were silent as though awe-struck. He turned to Mike and said: "Come on, dearie. Shake me out a suit and let's get going." Mike, one leg out of his pants, froze in that awkward position, and found himself as incapable of making a comeback as any of the other players.

In the confusion, Mike had forgotten to tell Tommy where to bat in the practice before the ensuing game with the Jackrabbits. So when Purdy Johnson stepped to the plate, he found Tommy standing there before him, giving no impression of wanting to move. Tommy was a good five inches smaller, but the manner in which he looked at Purdy made him move back involuntarily.

Now Frankie Blumenhack, the batting practice pitcher, had no intention of giving Tommy a good pitch to hit at, and proceeded to throw them in the direction of Tommy's head, but Tommy promptly slapped them back and bounced them off Frankie's shins. Thereafter Frankie showed remarkable control.

The game was running along smoothly, with the Wildcats leading the Jackrabbits by 4-1 at the end of the sixth inning. Tommy had been playing bang-up ball, and snared many a grounder that Jake Flowers would not have gotten within ten feet of.

It was on the next play that it happened. Purdy had just fielded a grounder and Tommy had covered second, expecting Purdy to throw it to him for the forceout. However, he never expected Purdy's speedy throw, and missed it completely. This made him look very bad, and the enraged fans began hooting him. Only now did Tommy realize the extent of the grudge of the older players.

Tommy decided to have it out with Purdy immediately after the end of the game, and then give them a dose of their own medicine the following day.

As the players trooped into the locker room, they were joyfully chatting over the number of hits that they had made, when Tommy interrupted them. He stepped in front of Purdy and exclaimed, "What do you mean by throwing that ball as if you were pitching. Trying to make me look bad, eh?"

Purdy's massive form started to shake, and he said, "Look what's asking for a fight—little half pint. Why, with one finger I—."

Before he had finished his sentence, Tommy had grabbed him by his arm and left leg and began slowly to twist Purdy into odd shapes. Not for nothing had he been college wrestling champion. He then slammed a half Nelson on Purdy, and, after a few minutes, Purdy dropped limply to the floor, his face flushed with embarrassment. None of the other Wildcats looked willing to take up where Purdy had left off, so Tommy left the Club House, feeling lots better after his little work-out.

Manager Mike Randolph whistled to himself: "If it weren't for them danged sport shirts, well—."

The next day, in the second game of the series, they were leading by two runs, when Tommy decided to give the Wildcats a dose of their own medicine. As he fielded a sharp bouncer, he immediately cut loose with a scorching throw to second base, where Purdy should have been. However, he had loafed, expecting Tommy to dash over himself to make the putout. Therefore the ball flew into the left field boxes, and two runs crossed the plate, tying the score. It did not go unnoticed that Purdy had been at fault, and he was in for a great deal of razzing from the bleacher fans for the duration of the game.

In the seventh inning Tommy proceeded to put the Wildcats ahead with a ringing double over third base, driving in Zeke Hupfel, who was on second.

With two out in the ninth, the last batter-up for the Jackrabbits hit a ball slightly out of the first baseman's reach, and as he scrambled for it, Tommy ran to cover first. Alabama Jones, the first baseman, deliberately threw it low, trying to make Tommy look bad. Tommy, however, stabbed out his hand for the ball just as the runners' spikes tore into his hand, gouging it in several places. But the putout had been made, and the Wildcats had finally won a series from a team.

Tommy was lying on the rubbing table, having his badly injured hand sterilized and bandaged, when the players trooped in.

Alabama Jones edged up to the table and asked the Doc how Tommy was, and when informed that the injury was somewhat serious, he began to fumble with his glove and grin sheepishly. After much deliberation he finally spluttered his apologies to Tommy for having made such a deliberately bum throw, and then turned to the rest of the team and said: "If you-all don't think this heah boy am O. K., you-all can come and see me and I'll attend to you-all."

Zeke Hupfel nodded his approval and said, "All right by me. He wrecked his hand to save the game, and it does feel mighty good to win once again. So my vote goes for him too." The rest of the team all chimed in with Alabama and Zeke, and Tommy grinned at them, feeling glad that he had won their

admiration.

Manager Mike Howland muttered, "Now you take them sport shirts—."

"Aw, lay off'n the kid," drawled Jones. "Let him wear what he-all wants to."

"Well, as I was saying," continued Mike, "yesterday as I passed the store I noticed a couple of nice plaid ones, and I was thinking that if you would snap out of it and begin winning some ball games, I would give you each a couple as a bonus."

"Boy, will I be doing my darndest to get one of those shirts," said Tony Rondetti. "I got my eye on a yellow and blue down at Horner's—I'd even lay me down a bunt to get one of those."



A Boy and a Girl

By Margaret Schmitt, June '36

The first time I saw them was about ten years ago.

The girl has golden curls, tumbling over her shoulders from under the rippling brim of her sun hat. She is dressed in pale colors, with an armful of wheat held in the folds of her green skirt. In the other hand, she holds a small scythe. She is looking across a wide expanse to her mate, the blond young man.

His gray eyes meet her blue ones steadily while he stands poised amid green grasses and coral rocks. He carries his wheat in a great bundle over his shoulder, while by his left side leans his staff.

No one will ever know the secrets hidden behind his blond strength and her petite grace, for they are a pair of pretty, little, china statuettes dressed in peasant costume. They chose our mantel as their stand a long time ago, and they have kept it ever since.

Theatre Menaces

By Tunis De Yager, June, 1936

Were this a melodrama, it would tell of the country miss who became ensnared in the city while attempting fame on the stage. But, as you shall see, I merely wish to enumerate my own selfish grievances against this most popular of entertainments. It is unnecessary to mention the child in arms who bursts out crying at the climax of the play. He is a world-wide menace. These are my own personal grievances.

The first is the unbearable who drapes his collar-bones on the back of my seat and obligingly breathes with violence in my ear. He does this only when I am sitting upright. When I slump, he inserts his chin into my shoulder.

The next is the cute little squirmy rascal who can't make up his mind whether he should stand in my line of vision or sit in his mother's lap with his feet pressed firmly in my ribs.

I believe this fellow's little cousin is the one who eats the soft chocolate behind me. His mother, with malicious delight, draws out a candy bar. She unwraps half of it. It is wrapped, of course, in a crackly paper that barely drowns out the speaker's voice. The other half is to keep the child's fingers from becoming sticky. This is a poor excuse. She knows he'll grab the melting chocolate. The child, young as he is, slyly waits until I drop my guard. Slumped though I may be, I am intent on the picture. He senses that the time has arrived, and, without further ado, he grasps my ear.

Among the minor offenders, there is the boy to my left who wheezes, or perhaps whistles through his nose. He also occupies the entire arm of the seat. The incessant cougher or the loud nose-blower are the least offensive, in my opinion.

I know that no one but myself has ever had any of these trying experiences, so I shall henceforth suffer in silence. My sole reason for writing this is to ease my own suffering by confiding it to another.

The Village Crony

By Margaret Schmitt, June '36

As slow of motion as a snail,
He wanders down to the village store.
The assembled philosophers resent his coming.
Under his scraggly gray mustache
He sucks a time-stained pipe,
And puffs blue smoke away into nothingness,
Between times, gossiping with every one who will;
Or he debates the government's latest knowingly,
Or else he just sits on an old barrel
And watches every slightest detail
With a truculent eye.

FRESHMEN



L.M.

Foreword . . .

The Freshman section in the Reflector has now been issued three consecutive terms. We feel that the venture has met with success, both because it has been a valuable means of bringing Freshman activities and literary talents into prominence, and because the Freshmen have supported it by their appreciation and their subscriptions.

That support must be given more whole-heartedly than ever. It is our earnest hope that future Freshmen will continue to cooperate in maintaining this section in our school paper, that they may have a "bigger and better" Freshman Reflector to be proud of and cherish.



FRESHMAN
REFLECTOR STAFF

Left to right:
Elizabeth Hoar
Margaret Hayes
Janet Hall
Lenore De Lucia
Mary Gross
Miss Belkin
James Kirkaldy

FRESHMAN DEBATING CLUB

Left to right, First Row:

Mary Gross
Sylvia Weinstein
Jean Rosensaft
Margaret Murphy
Elizabeth Hoar
Margaret McKernan
Mary Kennedy

Second Row:

Mr. B. Richards
Margaret Hayes
Alice Herdin
Saul Tell
Catherine Van Houten
Arnold Klein
Olga Preisler
Marie Lambrect
Marie Favata



Sail-Ho

By Elizabeth Hoar, June '39

With an angry shake of his curly head, Jimmy heaved a great sigh, and lifted his roly-poly body from the nursery floor. To the mountains of blocks and armies of tin soldiers which surrounded him, he delivered a hearty kick and sent them swiftly across the room.

"Darling, play with your blocks and soldiers."

"Humph," he mimicked disgustedly, and stamped his feet with all the might of a harrassed two-year-old. He glanced irritably around the room. The door leading to the hallway stood slightly ajar. "Ah, here's a chance to get out of this ole room," he thought. With a remarkable indifference to the twinge of conscience he experienced, Jimmy crossed the room and peered cautiously into the deserted hallway.

Suddenly his face became wreathed in a mischievous grin. "There's Bob's sailboat. Oh boy, just the thing—and a tubful of water. Gosh, this is goin' t' be fun."

He dragged a shaky stool over to the vessel of water. Then he scratched his head in perplexity. "How d'ya climb these things?" he wondered. Jimmy placed his right foot on the lower rung of the stool. It tottered unsteadily . . . "G—gosh, this isn't a bit easy," he exclaimed . . . "O—o—o—oh, it's falling." The stool wavered, tilted, as Jimmy's round little body swayed uncertainly. He placed his other foot on the next rung. "Oh, gee, what do I do next? G—golly, this is gettin' worse. Oh—oh, gee, I'm gonna fall. Oh—ooh—."

With a resounding splash, Jimmy landed in the tub of ice cold water. Dazedly, he lifted himself to his feet. His turned-up nose wrinkled until it could hardly be seen, and his lips trembled as he frantically cried for his mother. "Mom, mom—mm," he wailed. Fortunately, the water was shallow. It reached a little above the boy's waistline. He dragged himself up further and increased his passionate crying.

Suddenly he was confronted by the horrified gazes of his mother and dad. His crying ceased instantly, and he smiled gleefully. As his mother gathered her bedraggled son into her arms and hastily wrapped him in a warm blanket of fleecy wool, Bobby, Jimmy's older brother, appeared on the scene. In answer to his surprised question, "What's all this excitement about?" his father unceremoniously led him to his room, and for several minutes following, loud lamentations and frantic pleadings could be heard. "No, I'll never leave the water in the tub. No, I'll never let Jimmy get my sailboat again. No—no, I won't—honest, dad, honest."

Later, as Jimmy, none the worse for his experience, rested peacefully amidst warm, fleecy blankets, Bobby entered the room. He glared at his young brother and silently wondered why little brothers had to be born. Jimmy gazed innocently at his angry brother and silently wondered what ailed Bob, when he, Jimmy, was the one who had taken the ducking and was obliged to remain in bed the entire day.

Poetry Page

By Mary Kennedy, June '39

The Call of the East

The other day while walking
Along the white sea-shore,
I heard Romance a-calling
From Bagdad and Lahore.

I could see the moonlight shifting,
Hear the hot sand drifting,
Feel my heart a-lifting
In a temple near Angkor.

I could catch the scent of spices,
Harken to the talk of sycis,
Hear the call for minted ices
On the bund before Randor.

If you pass me in the starlight,
And my eyes you fail to see,
Do not think me rude, my dear one,
—————Merely pity me.

For Romance has touched me greatly,
And my soul, it longs to be
Where the dark brown shores of India
Meet the smiling Asian sea.

Day Dreams

My dreams are just like snowflakes
Drifting from the skies.
They float in misty, dreamy space,
Passing by my eyes;
Until the bitter wind of fact—
Harsh, and grim, and gray,
Scattering all my pretty dreams,
Blows them all away.

Books

Books are magic ships
Sailing o'er all seas,
And in them I can travel
Anywhere I please.

The Last Period's Bell

No rushing, no racing, no thunder of clouds,
No pushing, no surging, no shouting of crowds,
No stamping, nor tramping of horses excel
The mad dash of classes at last period's bell.

With eyes on the goal, they rush to the door,
Not heeding the poor souls they knock to the floor,
Not hearing assignments called out for next day;
Not caring, not minding, they fly on their way.

Yet no slowness, no dullness, no sly hesitating,
No stopping, nor standing, no long-lasting waiting,
No lagging nor dragging of donkey or mule
Is like that same class on the way back to school.

The Straight and Narrow Path

By Theodore Milnovic, February '40

Danny Sims was a constant worry to his friends, parents, and, of course, to his teacher. He was continually getting into trouble for mischievous behavior. If he wasn't tying tin cans to dogs' tails, he was stoning cats or doing other things a civilized little boy should not do.

One day Dan's teacher, Miss Randall, detained him after the others had gone home. He was guilty of throwing erasers; this was violating the rules of the class room.

"Daniel," said Miss Randall, "the trouble with you is that you do not follow the straight and narrow path; if you were to do this, though it might be difficult, you would surely get your reward at the end. Now, I want this to be the last of your erring ways. Do you understand?"

"Yes'm," replied our culprit, shamefacedly.

As Dan left the room hurriedly, Miss Randall called after him, "Remember, Daniel, the straight and narrow path!"

On the following day Danny's teacher noticed that Danny was not present. Thinking that he had been playing truant, she visited his home that same evening. Upon her arrival at the Sims' residence, she was confronted by the little boy's mother, who greeted her with a cold, impersonal stare. Following the polite formalities of an introduction, Miss Randall was led to Danny's bedroom. There on a bed lay Danny, with a badly bruised face and his arm encased in a heavy plaster cast.

"My heavens, Daniel, what in the world has ever happened to you!" exclaimed his astonished teacher.

"Miss Randall," replied the lad, "I simply followed your advice. You asked me to follow a straight and narrow path, and the Stiles' garden wall is the straightest and narrowest path in our neighborhood!"

The Adventures of John Freshman

John Freshman set off for Clifton High with a brave heart but wobbly knees. As he approached the school, he was confronted by wily Bill Sophomore, who was always on the lookout for new victims. Bill Sophomore stepped forward and asked politely, "Have you already acquired an elevator pass? If not, I will sell you one at a greatly reduced rate, ten cents instead of twenty-five."

John Freshman felt highly honored at this show of generosity, and proudly fished out a dime from his pocket and accepted the elevator pass with thanks. He was glad to have met with such a bargain and went gleefully on his way. As he stepped inside the door, he was met by smiling Benny Junior, who offered to sell John Freshman a hall pass for only five cents instead of twenty-five. John Freshman was almost bursting with gratitude at this unexpected streak of good fortune.

He found that his room was on the third floor, and inquired of Jack Senior where he could find the elevator. He was directed to the opposite end of the building but searched in vain. So he decided he would have to walk up. After many fruitless wanderings, he finally arrived, footsore and weary, at the room assigned to him.

A few days later, on the way to his history class, he managed to get into the wrong room, where he stayed, feeling that something was wrong but not knowing what, and took a test which he knew nothing about. On the morrow he found out, to his fright, that he had been in the wrong room. When his history teacher asked him where he had been yesterday, John Freshman thought something terrible would happen to him for not being in the place where he should have been. He stammered, "Oh—oh—oh, I went to the wrong room, but there was a substitute there and now he's gone and nobody knows where I was." Poor John Freshman was in a terrible fix, but his test paper proved to be his salvation.

As he plodded wearily home that day, he still quaked in fear of what might have happened if he had not taken the test. Poor John Freshman—what trials and hardships he must endure.

Lucky "Fella"

By Betty De Graef, February '40

Danny Moore, one of Grange High's best basketball players, was crossing the street one day when a climax came that affected his life from that moment to the end of his days. Of the two cars that were racing toward each other at terrific speed, one skidded. It slid swiftly toward Danny and struck him down. The driver hurriedly stopped the car, picked up Danny, and rushed him to the hospital. Here it was ascertained that Danny's left leg had been injured beyond human ability to cure completely.

A few months later Danny was home again; however, he now needed a crutch. Formerly, at the close of school, Danny spent his time practicing basketball, but now—oh, well, he retired to the balcony. Days passed and Danny still sat in the balcony after school hours; he could no longer pursue his athletic activities. Instead, he soon learned to see the faults of every player, who, in turn, benefited by his discoveries.

In such a manner things progressed until the day of the final game for the championship of the district. The team was in excellent form. The boys were quite confident of victory.

The whistle blew and the game began. After the third quarter, *Grange High* was in the lead. Ah! at last the game was over. Cheers roared. Horns blared forth.

In a faraway corner sat a sad, tear-eyed boy, who was lame. Yes, it was Danny. He was glad that his high school had won, though deep in his heart he had a queer feeling. Never again could he play at the games and help win victories.

What was that? The captain of Grange High was making a speech. What was he saying? "Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, we have fought and won this game. But, we aren't the real winners. The one who fought the hardest and deserves the most credit is Danny Moore. Come here, Danny. That's it, boys; bring him here."

Everyone then heard of Danny's watchful eyes and helpful instruction. Everyone clapped and cheered for Danny. "Gee," said Danny, "but I'm a lucky 'fella'."

Humor



Miss Coen: "Henry, give me a sentence using the nominative case *I*."

Henry: "I is—"

Miss Coen: "Never say *I is*. Say *I am*."

Henry: "All right. I am the ninth letter in the alphabet."

There's the freshman who claims that making &'s for *and's* is hereditary with her and can't be helped.

The teacher had just given the class copies of *Beacon Lights*.

One student, very excitedly: "Oh, look! Here is a picture of someone with the same name as that Notre Dame football player—William Shakespeare."

Mr. Persel: "How do you know that you are civilized?"

Pupil: "I'm civilized because I'm a 1-2."

FRESHMAN CHOIR



FRESHMAN ATHLETIC CLASS

Freshmen vs. Upperclassmen

By Elizabeth Hoar

Remember the basketball tournament that was held among the Freshman girls last fall? Remember, too, how we wished that the tournament winners might play against the upperclassmen—and beat them? Well, we did get our wish to play them, but alas! they defeated us.

We had an excellent team—one that gave the uppers some stiff competition. They fought plenty.

The score was close right from the start, but it seems that no one really remembers how it stood at the end, except that the upperclassmen had won by a few—a very few—points.

Anyhow, the game was great!

Boys' Basketball

By Elizabeth Hoar

Coach Dan Cheston certainly produced a great basketball team this year. Winning eight league games out of fifteen starts is quite a record for a bunch of freshies, isn't it? Maybe when these boys become Juniors and Seniors they'll make up a championship team that will bring glories to our school. Bet you can hardly wait to see them win the county title!

G. A. A. Activities

By Elizabeth Hoar

The Girls' Athletic Association is doing everything it possibly can to make it easier for the girls to gain A. A. credit and earn their awards. Miss Kelley is holding the fistball tournaments every gym day, after school; and she has organized a Saturday morning gym class, where girls can train for leadership in any sports and have a grand time for more than two hours each week.

And the A. A. meetings. Why, they're more like parties than anything else, with even the most delicious of refreshments.

The girls are giving marvelous support to all A. A. activities. With theater parties to New York, hikes to Garret Mountain, hobby parties for the Freshmen, and maybe a bus trip to the Palisades this June, I don't wonder why they're so interested. Do you?

ALUMNI



UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON AND LEE

RODNEY ODELL

Troy, N. Y.—Myron J. De Bell, of 192 Union avenue, Clifton, is a member of the Student Branch of the American Society of Civil Engineers. He is a senior in the Department of Civil Engineering at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. De Bell is associated with Theta Xi Fraternity.

Troy, N. Y.—Bernard F. Anderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Anderson, of 90 Lincoln street, Clifton, is a member of the student branch of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Anderson, who was prepared at the Clifton High School, Clifton, N. J., is a freshman in the Department of Chemical Engineering at the Institute. He is a member of Theta Upsilon Omega Fraternity.

The following letter was sent to Mr. Berthold by Rodney L. Odell.

Dear Mr. Berthold:

Judging from Mr. Dobson's story on Cornell last year, you might like a short resume of what I did at Clifton High and here at college. At C.H.S., I was a correspondent to several newspapers, writing sports stories and a column about the school, and was graduated with the June '35 class.

Here at Washington and Lee I have been a member of the football, cross-country, and track (indoor) teams . . . that is the frosh teams, and won my class numerals. I have done some inter-mural wrestling in the 150 pound class and inter-mural track

(outdoors). I am a reporter on the staff of the "Ring-tum Phi", college paper, and a member of the "Scorpion" Club, a non-fraternity, honorary athletic affair. That's about all.

Yours,
Rodney L. Odell.
C.H.S. June, '35

MIDDLEBURGH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

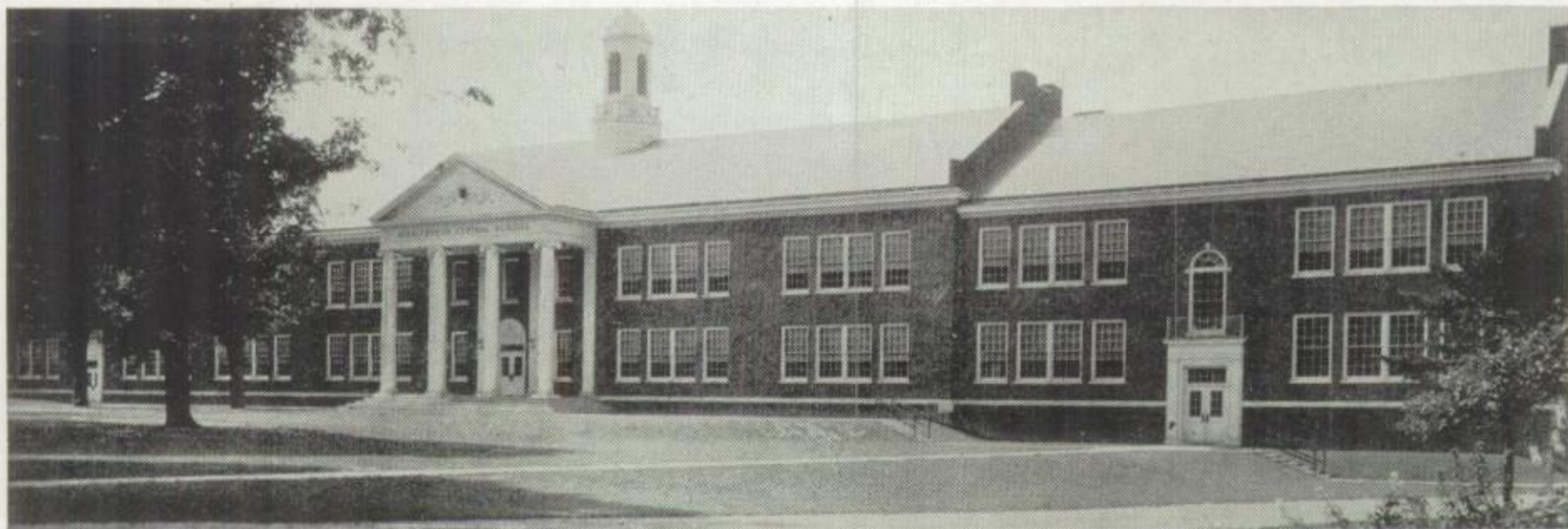
Middleburgh Central High School pictured below is in a centralized school district in New York State. This school was completed in 1932. In the rear of the school are five tennis courts and a baseball diamond completed in 1935.

This school is situated in Schoharie Valley where a great deal of fighting took place during the American Revolution. The book "America" by Robert W. Chambers tells of the massacres which occurred there. Cherry Valley Massacre is well known to American History students. This story was in motion picture with Lionel Barrymore, taking the part of Captain Walter Butler. Captain Timothy Murphy is buried in the Middleburgh Cemetery.

Middleburgh is situated in a very hilly part of the Catskills. The two nearest cities are Albany and Schenectady.

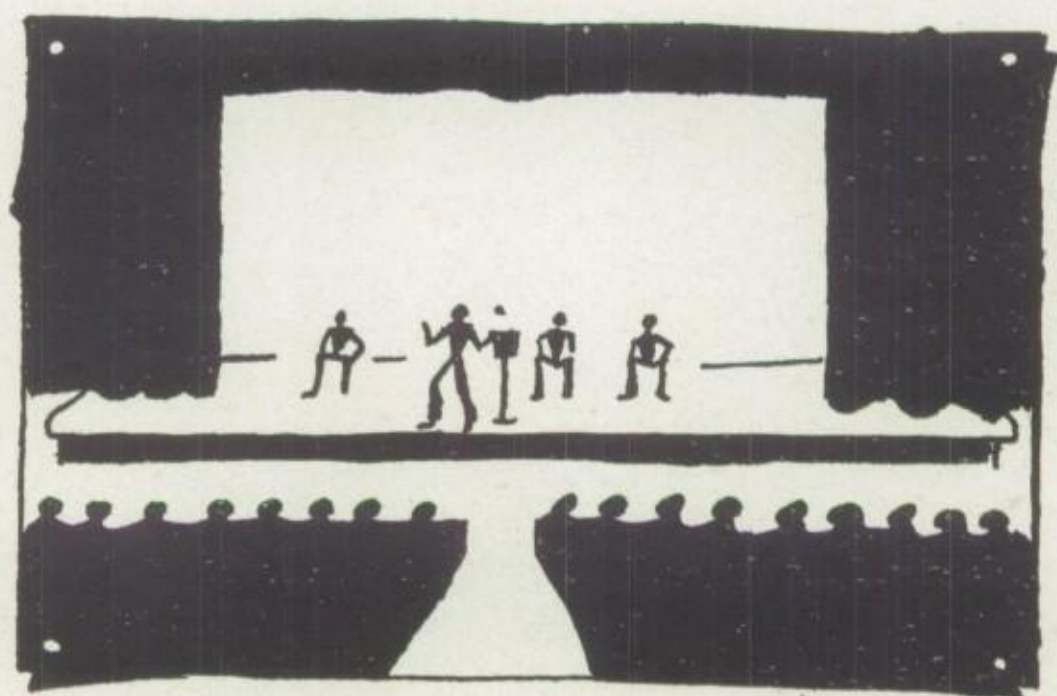
Many visitors come here from New Jersey and southern New York. Several families have moved from Clifton and towns near Clifton. This place has become populated in recent years with "New Jerseyites" and "Brooklynites".

W. Evelyn Anderson.



MIDDLEBURGH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

NEWS



L.M.

Journalism Class . . .

Editor Dorothy Blair

Associate Editor Helen Gilewicz

Photographer Frank Scanlan

Members of Class—

Mae Lieberman

Matthew Stap

Virginia Weissert

Catherine George

Victor Laytham

Richard Bowden

Charles Wenz

Margaret McAvoy

Dorothy Libbey

Roberta Fletcher

Marjorie Brittain

Helen Hoelzel

Paul Ratzin

Sponsor—H. L. Bloore

C. H. S. NEWSLETTES

VOL. 13

JUNE, 1936

NO. 1004

Mr. Nutt Feted at Testimonial Dinner

Gift Presented to Principal For Loyal Service

In commemoration of Walter F. Nutt's twenty-fifth year as Principal of Clifton High School, a large dinner was held on Tuesday evening, May 26, at the Swiss Chalet, where he was the guest of honor. The entire school faculty, Mrs. Walter F. Nutt, Superintendent and Mrs. George Smith, and Mr. Nutt's office staff were all present at this gala affair.

During the course of the evening, the faculty presented Principal Nutt with a gift of appreciation for the years of service and loyalty rendered to Clifton High.

A program of speeches was also arranged to which Superintendent Smith, Vice-Principal Harry Collier, and a representative from each department of the school very ably contributed.

The heads of the various committees were as follows:

Mrs. Percy Hackett, in charge of the dinner arrangement;

Miss Ruth Smith, in charge of the selection of a gift, and the
(Continued on Page Seven)

Many Sports Enjoyed By G. A. A. Girls

One of the greatest accomplishments of the G. A. A. this semester was the formation of a Saturday morning Leaders' Class, which has long been awaited. In these classes the girls learn two team games and one individual sport so they may become good leaders in their particular choice of activities.

Frequent hikes to the nearby mountains were also sponsored by the organization. Many students attended these hikes and great times were had by all.

The girls enjoyed the many sports that were offered them through the purchase of new equipment from the funds obtained by the success of the Girls' Athletic Association dance given last fall.

(Continued on Page Seven)

January '36 Class Starts Program for Beautification of School Grounds

Vocational Guidance Program a Success

Many Students Interviewed By Counsellors

Many of the students of this school have been interviewed by Miss C. Smith and Mr. C. Berthold, sponsors of the Vocational Guidance Program. They help the students plan their futures. The main purpose of this program is to see as many of the graduating seniors as possible and to try to help each to decide on a career, or, if one is already chosen, the best way to achieve that goal.

So far, this program, which has been in existence for three years, has been successful. This year, out of the one hundred and sixty stu-
(Continued on Page Ten)

Amplification Unit Eagerly Anticipated

Most certainly all of you students know about the amplification system that is being worked on by the authorities of our school!

But perhaps many of you have never really given this grand idea a thought. If you have not done so, do it now! Think how wonderful it would be if those unfortunate students, who have to sit far back in the auditorium, could hear the assembly programs with ease, without having to stretch their necks in attempting to hear the speakers. Now that we have such a large student body in our school, it is becoming more necessary every term to install something like this.

The fund for the installment of this new system is coming along very nicely. Of course, this would have been quite impossible if it were not for some of the various organizations that have contributed so generously to this fund. We have been very fortunate to have
(Continued on Page Eleven)

Surroundings Improved as a Result of Contributions From Graduates

Future Plans Made

The faculty, students and alumni of Clifton High School will long remember May nineteenth, nineteen hundred and thirty-six as an important milestone in the history of the school. The conditions of the grounds have long been a topic for controversy among the faculty and students. Much was said, but little was done. However, the graduating class of January, 1936, realized the need for improvements on the landscape. As a result the class contributed an amount to purchase trees as a step toward beautifying the surroundings. Russell E. Planck, president of the class, Miss Erma Brown and Miss Doris Connolly, class advisers, were active in their staunch support of this plan.

The June class of 1936 has decided to follow in the footsteps of the January class, and consequently, has planted five trees.

Ten trees have been planted, three on either side of the center stairs, and two by the side steps. There were two chamacyparipisiferas and eight fern pftzerianas. Those planted by the center stairs were donated by the January class, and the others were donated by the June class.

Mr. Peterson, representative of Bobbink and Atkins, local nursery which supplied the trees, expressed his views on how we might landscape our grounds and I am putting them in this article for future reference.

The accent points should be on each side of the main entrance, and then the area around the lamp-posts could be emphasized. Low budding evergreen could be placed at these points. Maple, Norway elm, Norway maple, and American

(Continued on Page Three)

Everything Stopped For Faculty Tea

The Girl Reserves were credited with the new idea of giving a Faculty Tea to the women teachers of this high school. This affair took place at the Y.W.C.A. of Passaic, New Jersey, under the direction of Miss Thelma Holcombe, the club's sponsor. Mrs. Nutt and Mrs. Kroll kindly consented to pour tea.

The room was gaily decorated in accordance with Saint Patrick's Day. The center piece was a huge shamrock made by Margaret Kennedy and Marian Wesley. Even the delicious refreshments that were served were appropriate to Saint Patrick's Day. Shamrock-shaped sandwiches and pistachio ice cream were some of the very attractive items of the tea.

Movies were shown by Mr. Matthews of Passaic, about the Stay-

at-Home-Camp of the Y.W.C.A., and the club's secretary, Miss Myrle Pullis, lectured as the pictures were given.

The thirty people who attended the tea greatly appreciated the graciousness of the young ladies in charge of the event. They were as follows:

On the refreshment committee were the Misses Ruth Kroll, chairman; Adele Strogon, Patsy Leverton, Betty Leverton, Annabelle Brunkhardt, Martha Munn.

The reception committee consisted of the Misses Adele Strogon, chairman; Mary Dyer, Katherine Keeler, Catherine McCarthy.

On the entertainment committee were the Misses Anne Becker, chairman; Diane Marchini, Alma Concién.

It is a custom which got off to a fine start, and it is hoped by many that it will continue to flourish.

Pupils Delight In Vocal Tuning Up

"Music hath charm." Thus goes the familiar saying. Does this refer to all music? It all depends upon the type of music one admires, I should say; but I am sure that all of you heartily agree that the music which has been rendered by our various high school choruses at different assemblies and on special occasions, is pleasing to our musical ears.

Our school may boast of the following music groups:

Freshman Choir—Meets Monday and Wednesday. Membership in this choir is required as an introduction to Glee Club work, and its purpose is to familiarize students with good choral music, its interpretation and rendition. Rehearsals are more or less informal, as are most music classes. Students derive pleasure as well as culture from membership. No public appearance has been made thus far this term; they are planning a Freshman Choir Assembly, however, early in the spring. This group has been only recently organized, but has made remarkable strides, and has reached a membership of almost one hundred students.

Mixed Chorus—Meets Tuesday and Wednesday during the eighth period. Both boys and girls form the membership of this group and approximately one hundred and fifty students attend meetings. Songs are sung in four-part mixed chorus arrangements. Old familiar songs are studied, with an occasional popular song mixed in. Heretofore, this mixed chorus has been only a practice group, and has made no public appearance. The members have done so well this term, however, that they are being considered for a place on one of the spring programs.

Boys' Glee Club—Meets every Tuesday during the seventh period. This is a selected group. Members must be skilled in reading music as well as in interpretation of songs. Remarkably fine voices are blended in this club of approximately forty-five members. Tenors, Baritones, and Basses work together toward success. Not only has the Boys' Glee Club appeared as a unit by itself, but it has sung in conjunction with the Girls' Glee Club on several occasions which

(Continued on Page Twelve)

Various Characteristics Constitute Personalities of Reflector Staff

That peculiar organization that brings forth your periodical is known as the Reflector Staff. The personalities of that staff are certainly reflected in the book. For instance, take the literary editor. Who wants him? That is beside the point. This quaint person, who goes about under the name of Leo McMullin, is the one who gives you those delightful stories. Don't blame him if you don't like the stories 'cause they're the best of what he gets. Convinced that the women are always talking, he tries valiantly and very ably to uphold the man's side. An infectious grin and his sarcastic wit all help to make him the department's problem child and the despair of the sponsors and editor.

His assistant, and guiding force of that department is Marjorie Brittain, that prominent 4-1. It has been whispered about in select circles that she and Miss R. Smith are the department. Certainly both of them are very loyal. Marjorie has that youthful exuberance and is always bubbling over with chatter.

We turn now to the School News Department sponsored by that delightful person, Mrs. Bloore. She has brilliant ideas regarding her department, over which she grows very ecstatic in her own charming

way. It is this ecstasy which endears her to the staff. The editor of the department is Dorothy Blair. "Dot" is characterized by her unflinching steadiness, her good judgment and tact, and her omnipresent smile.

The Sports Department is strictly masculine with Mr. Benson as its sponsor and Walter Fleischer as editor. Walter talks little and thus does not reveal so much about himself, but he also is a diligent worker.

The Humor Department is edited by Margaret Kennedy and sponsored by Miss C. Smith. Both of them are ever genial and have a never failing bit of humor.

The Art Department is sponsored by Miss Dangremond and edited by Lydia De Nadel. Both are very quiet and conservative artists without whom the Reflector would simply perish.

And, oh, for goodness sakes, let us not forget that lady who is always on the look-out for ad blanks, patron cards, and subscriptions. Miss Spinella reigns in room 203. Were it not for the money she works so hard to raise, you would not have the good fortune (?) to read this.

And thus, dear readers, you now can explain the Reflector yourself.

A SNOOPER TELLS ALL

Florence Brommelsik convulses anyone within hearing when she gives her impersonation of a three year old child. She doesn't omit the proper facial gestures either.

Irene Guliano is a bit of a practical joker. She offered Eleanor Hoefflinger a delicious-looking, nut-filled, chocolate candy. Eleanor accepted it only to discover to her remorse that the nut was a garlic nut.

Don Fillis, dynamic, carrot-topped basketball star, evidently has a mania for petite brunettes. I(Madge)n that!

Johnny Rohrig, the specialist in biff and bam, discloses the fact that he enjoys a game of cards now and then. He neglected to mention, however, that he's quite an expert at the above-mentioned pastime and might well be called a card shark.

Helen Gilmore at times has a slight difficulty in hearing. At such times she registers an expression which can best be described by the word "dazed."

Rose Fay is a staunch advocate of one American principle, that of freedom of speech. This fact can especially be observed in her first period English class.

Harold Rojofsky is fast becoming a member of the ranks of the "Four Million" (not the unemployed). His French accent is so accurate that he might well be named one of the "Four Million Frenchmen."

Frank Lennon (not Futhy!!) wrested the title of school Romeo from Pat Paternoster this term. Chris Temple was a strong second for that distinction. The lassies must like them strong and silent.

Frank Tiedeman enjoyed himself immensely while viewing a "Frank Merriwell" serial at a local theatre. No, he's not a worshipper of that athlete, but he gets a good laugh from the impossible feats Merriwell usually accomplishes.

The lady with the most languid manner always seemed to be Mildred Angel; but she, too, was knocked from her throne by Ronnie Calais, whose exhibition of nonchalance far exceeds Mildred's.

The latest alibi for coming in at the wee hours of the morning is to say you've been playing "Monopoly". Georgie Soder is an ardent devotee of this newest

game which lasts for hours.

The knitting rage of last term seems to have subsided somewhat, which is easily understood when we gaze upon some of the tangled and snarled creations some fair maidens produced.

Ruth Parsons was likened to so many screen beauties that the poor girl must have quite a reputation to keep up.

Several of our students felt the urge of the amateur hour. Among them were Ruth Geier, pianist, and Myron Gurdak, the well known accordionist.

Annabelle Brunkhardt sounds occasionally like the baby "Snooks" Fannie Brice has made famous. Annabelle has the right lilt to her voice, too.

Anita Hageman took quite an interest in a reporter there for awhile. If you'd (Gras)p it quickly enough, I'd tell you his name.

Although this is leap year, not
(Continued on Page Nine)

Grounds Improvement

(Continued from Page One)

maple are all recommended to be planted opposite the school where teachers' cars are now parked. These trees provide shade and graceful growth.

The area surrounding the flagpole is badly in need of repairs. A bed of flowers such as cannas or tulips would prove most attractive.

The pupils, teachers, janitors, and the school board should cooperate with this worthy project, and the next graduating class should be prevailed upon to plant some shrubbery.

There is no doubt that the janitors will receive cooperation from the students when it is a question of keeping the landscape attractive. Every student wants to be proud of his school. School No. 70 has long been a source of pride to those who have graduated from there.

Mr. Andrew W. Chambers, Secretary of the Board of Education, should be commended for his interest and assistance. Indeed, much credit is due to every person and organization that has done his bit to further this worthy cause.

Liven-Up With Girl Reserves

Many New Ideas Credited to Members of Club During Past Term

"To all obliging, and benevolent to all."

The above stated words may well be applied to the Girl Reserves Organization in this High School.

This club has made a rapid ascension during the four years of its existence. The success of this association, which has an enrollment of seventy members, is largely due to the active and entertaining programs scheduled for each term. Some of the social events for the two semesters were as follows:

Thanksgiving baskets were prepared by the members for the needy families of this vicinity. A dance was also held in November, to which the Hi-Y boys were invited.

In December, these thoughtful girls gave a Christmas party to the Passaic Orphans, and they also took gifts to these children. The Bingo Party, which was held on December 11, proved to be a very entertaining and enjoyable occasion.

Sleighing festivals and card parties were enjoyed during the month of January.

February yielded numerous social activities such as the Valentine Dance, a semi-formal affair, which took place on the eighth of the month; a lecture on "Life" was given by Dr. Slaff at the Y.W.C.A. on February 10; social games were played on the twenty-fourth.

The main contribution for March was the Faculty Tea, given on the sixteenth.

A Lenten Breakfast was celebrated on April 4, beginning at seven-thirty in the morning. Marian Wesley, the club's president, led the worship service. All the Girl Reserves Organizations of this part of New Jersey were present.

The celebrations for the lovely month of May were the Mother and Daughter Banquet given on the twentieth of the month, and a formal dance on the twenty-ninth.

Well, people, let's really liven-up with the Girl Reserves!

C. H. S. Newsletter

Published now and then, hopefully and eagerly by
The budding editors, reporters, etc., of the
C. H. S. Journalism Class

Ed., Dorothy Blair
Assoc. Ed., Helen Gilewicz

Published under the extra supervision of
the Reflector Staff, and with the help of
the Progress Publishing Company, Caldwell, N. J.

Member of the Associated Reflector Press
and Member of the United Reflector Press.

All purchasers of this magazine are
urged to use the material therein, in any
way which will benefit them, and the
world at large.

Clifton High School, June, 1936
Vol. 1000 No. 13

The Forum was created for the purpose of giving students an opportunity to bring to the front any new ideas they may have about extra-curricular activities, credit systems, athletics regulations, and the like. The Forum is a means by which the entire student body may become acquainted with the proposed plans. The letters which have been chosen are those dealing with conditions pertaining to the good of the greatest number of students.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

The Clifton High School Reflector, a very good book indeed, does not seem to interest very many persons besides the graduates.

I think the Reflector should be made a book for graduates only and have a newspaper for the students in general. The newspaper would surely thrive. It could be a bi-weekly paper with all the sport news, club news, hall gossip, and many other topics that students would literally "eat up". The Journalism Class would have another project to work on. An Advertising Club could be begun which would help in that line of work. The ads that the students would solicit from the local stores and businesses would almost pay for the paper. The Reflector would not have so much material in it, but would be lower in price.

All the students could and would buy this paper, for the maximum price would never reach five cents and everyone in the school could spare one nickel every two weeks. A student who saved every paper issued would have practically a complete diary of all the important and eventful happenings during

the school term.

Students could air their opinions by writing to the Journalism Class, and the agreement or reasons for disagreement could be given in the next issue which would clear up many things that are at odds with students. If this paper were adopted, students would become more interested in social activities; in other words, school spirit would be heightened. This would pack the stadium, crowd the auditorium, and make the clubs overflow. The main reason why this is not an existing condition is that students are not well informed. How can students have school spirit when they don't know there is something to be spirited about? It is an impossibility. Perhaps we never have had a newspaper because the executives fear the paper will lose financially. Well, suppose it did lose, and lose a lot! Wouldn't the increase of revenue from sports and plays cover even the greatest possible loss? The gain in knowledge of advertising, salesmanship, and journalism would cover the monetary loss, for no price is too high to pay for knowledge.

I sincerely hope that this plan will be considered and adopted as soon as the necessary paraphernalia can be installed.

Sincerely yours,

Matthew Stap

Editor's Comment:

Clifton High School once had a newspaper called The Reflector Pup. Four or five in a classroom would purchase the paper and then pass it around the room. I thoroughly agree that the knowledge attained would be invaluable, but financial means must be present. I doubt very much if organizations would contribute to such a paper because it helped to make them more popular.

I fail to understand why the Reflector should not interest all students. The Senior section is but one small part of the Reflector. The group pictures and write-ups include all classes. The literature is contributed by all classes. Why, even the Freshmen have an entire section for themselves. May I suggest that if each class got together they might be able to organize such a section for themselves. I sincerely believe it would be very difficult to issue a newspaper twice a month. It is amazing how much copy can be included in a newspaper. Do you think we have

enough news to warrant one? The Reflector staff has endeavored this year to give you school news that will interest all.

Dear Editor:

You probably know of the numerous clubs and organizations of Clifton High and have some knowledge of their activities, but there is one club that is missing. The missing organization that I am referring to is the Alumni Club.

As Editor of the Forum, you are in close contact with the student body and know of their activities. You evidently derive a great deal of enjoyment and pleasure from your relationship with the students, and you will continue to do so until—? You are only a student yourself and will graduate in a few short years. Then what? Will you just drift away and forget, or will you look back upon days spent in Clifton High with the fellows and girls who were your friends? Will you wish you could see them again? You surely will.

If there were an Alumni Club, this would be possible. Why not get together and get this organization formed, and really have a club that will be an immortal organization of Clifton High?

Yours truly,

Richard Bowden

Editor's Comment:

I heartily agree with Richard Bowden. I will not be so fortunate as to spend a few more years at Clifton High School, but I must leave it this month. Greatly have I enjoyed my four years here. I sincerely wish that such a thing as an active Alumni Club might be, so that we could continue friendships we have cultivated over a period of four years.

Fellow Students:

I wish to complain about the shortage of lockers in the High School. Many students come to class with their coats on, because there are not enough lockers.

I believe this can be remedied by using the rows of lockers that are boarded up in the basement. There is room on the third and first floors for an extra set of lockers such as are on the second floor.

Respectfully yours,

Jack Fox

Forum Editor:

Can you picture a student the fatal night before his Latin or Geometry or Chemistry exam? Can you see him cramming, so earnestly that the veins in his forehead look ready to burst open any second? Perhaps you have had this same experience. Success in learning the most irregular French verb and the stiffest geometrical theorem is not worth the agony that goes with it. I don't see why we have to take semi-annual examinations when other leading high schools are getting along famously without them.

In Bloomfield High School, students are given one-period tests every six weeks. If this system is used, the regular schedule is not affected in any way. It also saves the eight days devoted each year to examinations. This time can be used in review or advanced work. Between the six-week periods, the students have daily tests just as we do. The large tests are regarded somewhat as little examinations. A short review before the test is sufficient to recall to the student the main facts he has learned from the course thus far. In all, the pupil has about four such tests each term. Then, when the end of the term comes, he looks forward to his vacation instead of worrying whether he'll "pull through" in this or that subject. He may even be looking forward to next term.

Consider all the work it saves the teachers! Instead of marking scores and scores of examination papers, they have test papers that are almost a pleasure to mark. No matter how you look at it, this system can harm no one, but can result in much good.

Your helpful friend,
Helen Gilewicz

The Editor Replies:

Yes, I have seen students struggling with reviews for examinations, but that is beside the point. Do you realize that a student who works along faithfully will be exempt?

No one can appreciate the experience received from an examination until he has taken entrance examinations to some institution of higher learning.

Examinations are a unique experience that comes but twice a year. If we do our work regularly, why should we "cram"? Certainly, no teacher will ask anything that

has not been discussed in class.

Until colleges abolish the examination system, I see no reason why high schools should. Many colleges complain that students of excellent mental standing sometimes fail college examinations because they have missed this experience in high school.

Dear Editor:

I've been waiting a long time for an opportunity to air a pet peeve of mine, so if I'm slightly vehement in stating my grievance, lay the blame to the long silence I have kept.

Being an ardent follower of most high school athletic activities, naturally I am extremely interested in anything which would tend to further the development of any sport.

There existed for a time an organization called the Varsity Club, formed by the lettermen. This was merely a feeble attempt to get together boys who were interested in athletics, and after a while no more was heard of it.

In a small way that club is an illustration of an idea that should be introduced into the high school. The boys' sports certainly arouse more interest in the community than the girls'; yet the girls have an active association, and the boys do nothing.

Most clubs die out because of a lack of interest. Don't you think the boys would be more than interested if each of the outstanding players in every field were to give interesting pointers about the game; and if outside speakers renowned in the sporting world were invited to address them? Of course they would. I am confident that such an organization would be extremely helpful to the boys, to the athletic instructors, and the school's sport reputation; consequently, no time should be lost in re-establishing such a club.

Your peeved fan,
Kay George

Fellow Students:

I am sending you a complaint regarding the school. I believe that a signal should be given when there is no school because of bad weather.

There are many nearby whistles which could give the signal. Such a plan would save much confusion.

Yours respectfully,
Vincent Kruchow

Dear Editor:

Would it not be possible for us to eliminate all single holiday vacations, such as Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Columbus Day, Election Day and Armistice Day, and substitute for them an entire week's vacation? This vacation could come soon after the spring term has been started and not interfere with any work.

Let me as a student of this school give the points of advantage. A single day's vacation is not satisfactory. I mean this. When a student is given a day off, homework is given in some subjects; he cannot forget school completely. Things cannot be planned that will take more than one day, such as a trip to a relative's home, or camping.

The teachers also must be considered. How many students come to school on Friday after a day off on Thursday? Their plans for the week are disrupted, and everything is thrown off schedule. The work of the absentees must be made up.

The school board would not lose but would gain by this plan. Look! The fires could be let down and electricity saved when a week is given. It would not encourage the students to be absent, and so the school would not lose money from the State.

Let's see if this plan, so successfully carried out in the Glen Rock and Ridgewood schools, cannot be brought to Clifton High!

Very truly yours,
Charles Wenz

To the Editor:

For the past year or so I have heard a lot of people around the high school say that a Stamp Club should be formed and I agree with them. I think that the stamp collectors in the high school should have the right to form a club as much as those interested in radio, history, or athletics.

A Stamp Club, to my way of thinking, is an educational idea, because one studies the stamps and also the countries from which they come.

With a couple of teachers as sponsors, I am sure that those interested in such an idea could really make it go, and so get a few more people interested in their school work.

Yours truly,
H. Mastenbrook

Dear Editor:

A change, long wished for by the girls of Clifton High, is a plan for a program of Inter-scholastic Sports for Girls. They have had many games among the teams of each gym class. Why not have a team chosen from the best students in each sport from the school and have them play against students of other schools in this vicinity? I have heard many of the girls say that they think it a very good idea. I think it is an excellent idea myself, as it will enable girls to better themselves in some sport in which they are interested.

The boys, members of track, football, soccer, basketball, golf, tennis, and baseball teams, have competition with other schools. They have time to practice and become well informed about the game.

It would work now because the girls have an opportunity to better themselves, too. Every Saturday morning a class is held for girls who would like to be leaders in any sport. They play soccer, hockey, basketball, tennis, baseball, and have track meets. The girls, who are interested and have a good knowledge of the game, could be chosen.

Also another angle on the subject!

The boys who are on any team for the school get nice "C's" to wear on their sweaters! The girls get no "C's" unless they wear someone else's! We have no chance to earn one of our own.

Won't you please see what can be done about it?

A Sporty Rooter,
Dorothy J. Blair

Dear Editor:

Something really should be done about the various clubs and organizations in this school. There is very little cooperation among the students to form a really strong organization in any club. Several years ago, there were many very active clubs in our school, and each one had a definite purpose, and a definite goal for which to strive. These clubs accomplished a great deal which afforded enjoyment and which was beneficial. There was also a more democratic form of government among the students. This was made possible by the work of the General Organization.

Of course, I realize that condi-

tions have been altered because of a two-session school, but something really should be done to arouse the interest of the students concerning these various organizations.

Even the different class organizations such as the 4-2, 4-1, 3-2, 3-1 classes, etc., are not accomplishing nearly so much as in the past. It is mostly neglect on the part of the students to demonstrate any response when called upon to attend meetings and plan activities.

For instance, arrangements might be made to give scholastic credit to some of the clubs. The Debating Club is a good example of one to which this credit might be given.

Arrangements might also be made to have some really important speakers at the meetings of the various clubs.

Still another idea would be to plan a worthwhile trip, sponsored by all of the clubs as a unit, which could be attended only by the members of the various clubs who have attended a certain number of meetings.

Of course there are many other alternatives, and these are merely suggestions. There surely must be some way, and I think that something should be done in the very near future.

Sincerely yours,
Virginia Weissert

Dear Editor:

Have you ever seen a figure come into any of your classes, her hair falling about her face, her shoes untied, her face flushed, her breath coming in short gasps, and everything about her in an uproar? If you've ever wondered what was wrong with her and couldn't guess, I'll tell you. She has probably just come from gym.

Many times I've come into one of my classrooms just like that. After I've seated myself, it takes me about five minutes to catch my breath. Then I try to find out what the class is discussing. By the time I begin to learn what is going on, fifteen minutes of the period have passed.

I think something should be done about this. The girls should get a sufficient amount of time to dress properly. There is no pleasure in taking gym, if we have to rush ourselves to death to get to our next class on time.

Yours truly,
Meriel Wilson

Dear Editor:

Where is that band which our student body was once so eager to organize? Why was Captain McKenzie's plan met with so little response on the part of the student body? It was we who desired to have a band to inspire our players on to victory. When we heard the band playing on Thanksgiving Day, we were all eager to have one of our own to represent our school. Why do not the students cooperate, when the opportunity comes to them? We are very enthusiastic when other schools have bands, but refuse to participate in one of our own. If there are not enough students who play band instruments, why did they not meet Captain McKenzie's plan with more approval? I hope that some day, we shall have a band!

Very truly yours,
Olga Filipovich

Dear Editor,

Several years ago our Honor Society gave honorable mention to students who had done especially good work in a chosen field. This was announced in the assembly in addition to the regular list of honor students. I think that if a person has more interest in one subject than another and does extra work, he deserves recognition. Perhaps his abilities lie only in one direction. His efforts should be encouraged as well as those of people who attain a good standard in every subject. Such a system would provide a stimulus for extra work in many fields.

Is there any reason why this system cannot be started again?

At the first assembly of every month a representative of the Honor Society could read the list of honorably mentioned, explaining the type of work done. Perhaps a small pin or button could be awarded also to make the recognition more definite.

Can this system be started so that the honorably mentioned student may take part in the Honor Society festivities also? They may put forth their efforts to make the meetings more interesting by planning instructive programs in the fields in which they are interested.

Sincerely,
Marjorie Brittain

Courtesy transfigures the hard realities of life like a beautiful atmosphere, giving distance and perspective.—E. H. Gregg.

Girls' Athletic Ass'n.

(Continued from Page One)

The equipment consisted of horse-shoes, tennis rackets, a shuffle board set, jump ropes, tether balls, and a badminton set. The introduction of badminton into the High School created great enthusiasm among the girls.

The Girls' Athletic Association works hand-in-hand with the regular Physical Education classes. By engaging in the sports taught in the classes, the girls may obtain G. A. A. credit.

The morning session students played hockey, baseball, human croquet, badminton, and fistball. The afternoon session students also participated in many of these sports with the addition of soccer. A large number of these activities were closed by interclass tournaments. The introduction of this variety of sports has made it more nearly possible for the girls to obtain the objective of physical education.

A gala event is being planned for the close of the semester. The definite planning of this event has not yet been completed, but it will perhaps be a trip to some interstate park, and recreational entertainment will be held all day. This grand finale will probably be after the G. A. A. assembly, at which the installation of new officers takes place. The G. A. A. is looking forward to better times.

Remember, every girl in the school is a member of the Girls' Athletic Association. Why don't all of you become active members and participate in the program planned for you? There are few high schools that offer you this well-rounded program of physical activity. Take advantage of it!

Testimonial Dinner

(Continued from Page One)

presentation of it;

Mr. Arthur Benson, in charge of all the business details;

Miss Clarice Smith, general chairlady.

We feel that the student body also joins with the faculty in extending to Principal Nutt our heartiest and most sincere congratulations.

Pleasure is a last resort of the desperate. Happy people do not need to be amused.—Carlyle.

Radio Club Contacts Many Remote Places

"W8FRC - - calling - - - water - - still - - rising - - 2 blocks - - away - - - Am - - using - - portable - - power - - other - - power - - cut - - off - - Am - - on - - hill - - Water - - may - - not - - reach - - me - - "

This has been heard by the operators of the Radio Club. Everyone will remember the spring floods of this year and the millions of dollars of damage done to the eastern states. Many cities had been isolated. The only persons who remained in contact with the outside world were the "Hams" (amateur radio operators). Hams have been blamed for all the aerial disturbances, but they always come through in the end. [The word "Ham" is derived from English Cockney "hamateur." When the word was adopted in America, the last part of the word was dropped.—Ed.]

Everyone would think that the Radio Club would be restricted in its activities, but it is not. They hold what is called a "Ham fête." It is a festival at which they have an entertainment and refreshments are served.

During the summer the operators go on what is called a hidden transmitter hunt. The contestants try to locate a radio operator, who is operating at some distance, by the use of radio devices. They also

have code contests for speed in sending and receiving messages.

At present there are three operators, Shafer (W2IZF); Capowski (W2JFF); Adams (W2HDD). The officers of the club are as follows: William Shafer, president of the club and Charles Hebenstriet, secretary-treasurer. The club is under the excellent supervision of Mr. J. Rosenfeld, Physics instructor. There are nine members at present. The dues are \$.05 per week and \$.25 for the initiation fee. Meetings are held every Wednesday during the 7th period in room 307.

This spring they visited Station W.O.R. and observed the operation of this great station.

They are in direct communication with Canada at all times. They have contacted such places as Maine and Indiana. The station call letters are W2GVD.

They hope to contact greater distances by the use of more elaborate equipment this spring.

Life is a grindstone, and whether it grinds a man down or polishes him up, depends upon the man.—Patterson.

Courtesy pays dividends regularly and promptly.—Pope.

Some people will never learn anything because they understand everything too soon.—Pope.

We can feed this mind of ours in wise passivism.—Wordsworth.

Out of the Rough to You!

The golf class under the able instruction of Myron L. Kniffen has been teeing off with gusto. The class has had several lessons indoors and is now venturing out at the call of the balmy weather.

Many were pleased with themselves, and others disappointed; and, without fear of contradiction, one can say there are more of the latter. The students are very enthusiastic and work very hard. "Flying through the air with the greatest of ease," go many things, such as the little white "pill" itself, some oh's and ah's, some undertoned oaths, and a great deal of nice green grass and mud.

Of course our golf game is very much better than our attempts at baseball would be, when one realizes that in baseball, you're allowed only three strikes and

you're out.

Of the many rules of golf, there is one the girls find exceptionally hard to obey, and that is, keeping their heads down when the good looking instructor is standing near.

The golfers take their stand at the Passaic County Golf Course.

Naturally you'll want to know just who these players are! So—

Joan Trecartin	John Wetzel
Betsy Fengya	Don McHenry
Helen Stegen	Howard Habicht
Betty Lotz	Charles Bertrand
Edith Kirchner	Kenneth Johnson
Marion Wesley	Joseph Lalaway
Ruth Sheperd	Robert Pullis
Lucile Nicole	George Pullen
Mary Kane	Joseph Friedane
Doris Pettigrew	Clifford Cocker
Hal Grass	Margaret McAvoy

Novel Historical Programs Presented

Trips and Movies Feature Club's Activities

At the beginning of the term, members of the History Club decided to make current events the chief topic for discussion at their meetings. They find that many times their views on current problems differ, and they sometimes engage in informal debates. Occasional reference to historical subjects provides variety in the weekly programs.

Probably the most enjoyed events have been the trips to several places of historical significance. On April 1, the group visited the Dey Mansion in Preakness. On April 15, after visiting the Metropolitan Museum of Art, they witnessed the play, "Jumbo." They have also taken trips to Morristown and Tappan. Miss Janet Marshall, sponsor, arranged for the trips and accompanied the group to these places.

The guest speaker proved to be very entertaining. On March 13, Mrs. Herbert Ives, of Morristown, spoke on "Historical Places in New Jersey." Another novelty was the moving pictures shown at one of the meetings. They were received from Trenton, and are shown to various historical organizations.

Although the number of students boasting membership in the club does not exceed fifteen, the co-operation of the group accounts for the success in their several undertakings. Officers are: Vincenza Cusimano, president; David Rapp, vice-president; Evelyn Fox, secretary and treasurer. Meetings are held in Room 104 every Thursday during seventh period. Dues are five cents weekly. Membership in the club has stimulated interest in the regular history courses and has proved to be interesting and educational.

The modern world belongs to the half-educated, a rather difficult class, because they do not know how much they really do know. —Patterson.

Some people have a perfect genius for doing nothing and doing it assiduously.—Robert Burns.

"Kempy" Thespians Receive Applause

The Senior 4-1 class drew a large attendance this term at their season's play. The name of the play was "Kempy," which was given on the night of May 22, before a large audience.

The cast was as follows:

Dorothy Blair was the beautiful young spendthrift and stage-struck daughter of the family, while Duke Merrill, played by Eugene Young, was the retired stock broker who married her. Ruth Stonley had the part of the sophisticated young daughter who was married to Ben Wade, a real estate agent, played by Paul Ratzin. Pa Bence was portrayed by Ralph Smith, accompanied by Marjorie Brittain as Ma, who, together made the show a fine one. Kempy, the bashful, young plumber who found himself in a matrimonial entanglement, was played by Lester Rhodes. Virginia Weissert played the part of the vivacious young daughter of Pa Bence.

The play on the whole was exceptionally good. Congratulations are in order; so the first one goes to Miss Agnes R. Connors who so skillfully directed the play, and the next one goes to the cast for their fine endeavors.

Research Work Done By Diligent Members

A regular Debating Club failed to organize this term because of the lack of interest shown among the students.

Clifton High was the proud possessor of good debating teams in the past, and the good work might have been continued if the students had responded to the call sent out by the club sponsors for members, at the beginning of the semester.

Those who did show interest, have been divided into groups, and at present, they are doing research work on the following topic: Resolved, That a system of socialized medicine should be adopted, making available to all, complete medical service at public expense.

Back Stage With The Footlights Club

On May 23 of this year a large bus left Clifton High School, and many gazed at the joyous group of young people in it. They were members of the Footlights Club bound for New York to see the show "Dead End" (and perhaps the town also). They turned out of Piaget Avenue and headed for the George Washington Bridge, where they crossed to New York and went sight-seeing. The bus-driver obligingly showed them the places of interest in New York. Then the group had lunch and headed for the theatre. They were desirous of getting pointers on acting, and of seeing professionals at work. The show was a great success. The trip was finished by a visit to the planetarium and everyone agreed that the trip had been well worth while.

The play "The Plitudinous Pose" was cast in April, and the cast had been working on it constantly, although they did not expect to present it this term. They were merely using it as laboratory work under student directors to increase their technique for stage work and acting. The trip to see "Dead End" gave the students many helpful pointers. They worked diligently and learned a great deal.

Near the end of the term, the sponsor, Miss Margaret De Vries, suggested that the president appoint a committee to improve the Library. This was done, and the committee planned many lovely exhibitions to be given next term, and devised schemes for beautifying the library with drapes, plants, etc. The atmosphere, as well as the books it contains, makes a library a pleasant or a disagreeable place.

The club can attribute a great deal of the success of the Footlights Club during the past term to the sponsor and officers for their helpful cooperation with the members. Here they are: Sponsor, Miss De Vries; President, Arnold Arnesault; Vice President, Robert Cantor; Secretary, Mary Hoey; Treasurer, Lucy Friedman.

With words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—Southey.

Hilarity Prevails At Pupils' Initiation

The old members of the Honor Society pondered diligently this year over the subject of initiating the new members. They succeeded in planning a program that was very entertaining to everyone present.

On Friday morning, May 1, the students to be initiated, namely Angelina Andreatta, Peter Derderian, Herman Meninghouse, Lucy Friedman, Florence Arnesman, Beula Russell, Ethel Lugos, Kerom Manion, Beatrice Slavin, Peter Moll, Dorothy Mahalesen, Elizabeth Prosch, and Margaret Smits, reported to room 208 and were adorned with flower baskets in their hair. With this decoration they were obliged to go to all their classes. Then at the beginning of seventh period they joined the other members of the Honor Society and played games, made sandwiches and cocoa disappear like lightning, and in turn performed many tricks for the enjoyment of their fellow members. Bronze and silver "C's" were awarded to the deserving members.

The Honor Society was organized by Miss Cora Hill, the former head of the History Department, and later taken over by Miss Clarice Smith to further the interest in studies in the school. Since the requirements are the same as those of the National Honor Society, an honor student has a fine reference for a position of any kind or for college entrance.

The number of honor students in the school has increased a great deal since the Honor Society has been in existence. Its awards have been an encouragement for brilliant but indolent students, as well as for diligent ones.

The man who can work just as cheerfully as if he were chasing a golf ball is a real optimist.—The Washington Star.

Those we esteem most fortunate have their misfortunes, but we do not know them.—W. J. Dawson.

Wise is the man who can distinguish between golden opportunities and glittering generalities.—The Gentle Cynic.

SNOOPER TELLS ALL

(Continued from Page Three)

many of the weaker sex seem to have taken advantage of it. Just take a look at this list of eligible Romeos: Pat Paternoster—He has broad shoulders . . . Jimmy McAllister—Mm that southern drawl . . . Pensy Cavallini—Such dark brown eyes . . . Vince Murphy—What pearly teeth . . . Haico Noonburg—My! dark curly hair . . . Dick Bardes—If you care for amusing antics . . . Johnny Rohrig—Brawn and muscle . . . Babe White—That shining car is not to be spurned . . . Jack Kerler—For sartorial elegance there's none better . . .

This list could go on forever. Don't lose a marvelous opportunity, girls.

Tommy Munkittrich had a sore spot last term. He didn't pay much attention to that oft-repeated statement about curiosity. As a result a door went bang on Tommy's nose.

Jean Quinn most vehemently objects to being called Irish and insists that she's Scotch. It's most incredible when you see her big blue eyes and mischievous grin.

Harvey Dorpfeld usually looks like a retired captain. His manly chest was always decorated with some sort of pin, badge or other decoration.

Gladys Branthwaite certainly resembles her brother, Howard, in one respect. Her accuracy in shooting baskets is remarkable.

Ray Egatz delivered a most illuminating speech on "Crime Does Not Pay" in a sixth period English class. Ray waxed both eloquent and fiery.

Haico Noonburg must be overcome by the fascination of H₂O. He was gazing soulfully at the small pond (?) where the waves were lapping against the shore.

Jack Kerler certainly gave an enthusiastic description of Paul Revere's ride in a sixth period history class. It was accompanied by gestures and ejaculations.

Love's young dream is quite likely to be a longer nap for the couple who have saved some money before marriage.—Uncle Philander.

Guest Speakers Give Interesting Talks

The assemblies of this term were very interesting, and they were enjoyed by the student body as a whole. As added attractions, speakers were procured, and their speeches were both beneficial and humorous. These brief talks were greatly appreciated by the audience, composed of both the faculty members and the students.

Among the speakers who have been heard are Captain McKenzie, Mr. McGill, Miss Lamereau, and Mr. Shields.

Captain McKenzie spoke about the helpfulness of a school band, and urged the organization of such a band. He offered the students who were interested a fine chance to demonstrate their ability and to show their enthusiasm by giving them the opportunity to form a school band.

Mr. McGill gave a brief talk on the "morgue" of a newspaper, which he compared to the "morgue" of our minds. His speech was a bit humorous and very impressive. He told the purposes, duties, and responsibilities of the newspaper morgue, and compared them with those of the morgue of our minds, and with careers and life in general.

Miss Lamereau, a representative of the Berkley School at East Orange, New Jersey, gave a very humorous and interesting speech about a business experience of hers. She spoke about one's conduct in business, and she stressed the fact that personality is very important in the business world of today. She was very entertaining and proved to be a charming guest.

Another guest was Mr. Shields, who illustrated his little message by means of slides. He represented the Public Service Corporation, and his lecture was entitled "The Marvel of Vision," which provided many interesting and constructive facts about light and our eyesight.

Thus, the assemblies of this term were livened up and were made to be more entertaining than were those of the past. May the assemblies of the future be as successful as those of the past term have been.

A theorist is a man who thinks he is learning to swim by sitting on a bank and watching a frog.—Philadelphia Record.

What Do YOU Think ?

In view of the fact that we are interested in the personal opinions of the students, a few of the outstanding individuals from the different classes were selected and several questions were presented to them. We are passing along to you the answers which they submitted, and we sincerely hope that they will prove to be of interest to you. Not only are we giving you their answers, but we are also stating the questions in order that you may compare the answers with those which you might have given, had you been interviewed.

SENIORS

Roy Kievit

1. Question: What one thing have you always desired to do but have never had enough courage to attempt it?

Answer: I have always wanted to drive in a speedboat race. I don't know whether I have the courage or not, but I do know I have never had the chance.

2. Question: What was your most embarrassing moment?

Answer: My most embarrassing moment was the time when I walked up behind a fellow I thought I knew and slapped him heartily on the back. He turned around and gave me a glare that nearly knocked me over. I muttered some incoherent apology and scrambled.

Question: Have you ever lived it down?

Answer: I don't know yet.

3. Question: What, in your opinion, is the most interesting hobby in existence today?

Answer: Radio.

Question: Why?

Answer: Because it has a great future and instead of being a hobby, it could soon be a profession.

Lillian Wonneberger

1. Answer: To get up before the assembly and to sing some song from the opera, "Carmen."

2. Answer: Monroe Jacobson told Lillian that he would take her home in his car. When Lillian went to get into the car, he drove away.

Answer: Yes.

3. Answer: Swimming.

Answer: It is good for reducing and for posture, and it develops one's muscles.

JUNIORS

Olive Heritage

1. Answer: To paint old Number 3 School purple.

2. Answer: When Leo Soder so kindly withdrew a chair from under her in the cafeteria.

Answer: No.

3. Answer: The hobby which we shall term as friendship; i. e., the making of new and the keeping of old friends.

Answer: It is very beneficial to yourself and to others and helps to widen your interests.

Mirabeau Cavallini

1. Answer: To ask a certain girl for a date.

2. Answer: While singing in a church choir, Mirabeau had to sing a solo part. In it, he had to reach high A; but when he reached it, his voice squeaked very inopportunely.

Answer: Never.

3. Answer: Baseball.

Answer: It is thrilling and exciting, and he thinks that he was cut out for it.

SOPHOMORES

Jean Quinn

1. Answer: To write a fan letter to a movie star, and to sign her name to it.

2. Answer: While at a party, at which there were about fifty persons, Jean was requested to sing. In the middle of the song Jean's voice very nonchalantly made its exit.

Answer: Yes.

3. Answer: Dancing.

Answer: Because it gives you an opportunity to meet different people and to hear the latest songs. It also keeps you in trim.

Raymon Egatz

1. Answer: To talk back to Mrs. Soder.

2. Answer: While dancing at Donahue's, Ray slipped and fell.

Answer: No.

3. Answer: Football.

Answer: It is interesting, exciting, and dangerous; it takes a great deal of brain work.

FRESHMEN

Leo Paruta

1. Answer: To shout out in an assembly.

2. Answer: While at a party, Leo left the table, beside which he was standing, to greet a friend. As he started, his foot slipped, and he

fell under the table. When he fell, he jarred the table and almost broke all the dishes.

Answer: No.

3. Answer: Stamp Collecting.

Answer: The pictures on the stamps are interesting, and these stamps help to acquaint you with different countries.

Margaret Doherty

1. Answer: Margaret always wanted to be in a motor boat race, but she never had enough courage to try it.

2. Answer: She was going to cut a Latin class one day, but Mr. Colleser heard her discussing it and sent her there.

Answer: Surely.

3. Answer: Swimming.

Answer: It is a pleasant pastime. It is beneficial to you, because it gives you endurance and speed, and it keeps you physically fit.

Vocational Guidance

(Continued from Page One)

dents who are graduating, about fifty-four have expressed their desire to be interviewed. If one person were to interview all these students, it would take about eleven weeks, so you see the advisers are kept very busy.

If the students are interested in college, the counselors aid them by writing to various colleges and obtaining information from them for the students. If they have their careers chosen, or are looking for a job, the counselors advise the students how to seek a position. In order to get students more interested in college, several groups of students, accompanied by the sponsors, visited a few of New Jersey's foremost schools, namely: Paterson Normal School, Newark "Tech," Newark College of Engineering, Hackensack Normal School, etc.

The students were given self-analysis charts which help the advisers to determine just what can be done for the students. Mr. Berthold said. "I believe this program is, so far, a success. We cover the 4-2 seniors each term and possibly, next term, we may also cover the juniors. I also believe we have succeeded in helping most of the students who have asked for advice."

Charter Club Steadily Increases Activities

Games and Refreshments Vary Club Meetings

One of the foremost organizations of Clifton High School is the German Club. The German Club was formed eight years ago and has the honor of being one of the charter clubs of the school.

Many of the students think the club is an organization where the members go to pass away some of their excess time. On the contrary, the club has had numerous parties, and is now planning to go on a picnic to Garret Mountain. Plans have already been made by the members of the club to attend a Festival sponsored by the language departments of Montclair College on May 25. The club is also planning to go to New York to see a movie there. Besides the above-mentioned activities, the club has gone on several other trips to places of interest, and above all, at every meeting a really good time is had by all.

The members of this Club vote upon what they want to do, and no project is undertaken by the club unless the members approve of it unanimously. This system eliminates all hard feelings and perfect harmony is quite the thing at all meetings of the group.

Everyone knows that the German people spend much of their time singing; so do the members of the German Club. Many old folk songs are sung and many of the very interesting legends of old Germany are read. These things provide much amusement and are some of the more educational pastimes of the club.

The officers of the German Club are elected by the members themselves at a poll. During polling time every member has the privilege of nominating a person for office and casting his vote. At present, the officers of the German Club are: President, William J. Schwind; Vice President, Robert Slough; Secretary, Martha Mayer; Treasurer, Eleanor Schneider. The club meets every Friday in room 207 during the seventh period.

Mrs. Erna Anderregg, and Miss Julia Hoffmeister are the club's sponsors. Anyone who is acquainted with them knows that whenever they are present, there

HI-Y DOINGS

The Hi-Y Club, whose faculty adviser is Mr. M. Benkendorf, is an organization of boys who hold their meetings every Tuesday night at the Paterson Y. M. C. A.

The purpose of this organization is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character. The meetings that the students of this high school attend are those of the Alpha Chapter.

At the meetings there is never a dull moment, because there are speakers from the school. The club has had Mr. Nutt, our principal, Mr. Bednarsik, Mr. Donnelly, Mr. Struyck, and others. Each speaker has had various subjects and none of them were dull. Card parties are held to get funds for the club when they are needed. They also have ping pong tournaments which are very interesting, and the boys show some good playing. When no speaker is there, the members discuss topics of interest and many things are learned.

The State President is Keron M. Manion and the Secretary is John A. Lebde. The slogan of this organization is: Clean Living, Clean Speech, Clean Sportsmanship and Clean Scholarship.

Anyone is welcome to join, so come out to some of the meetings and throw your troubles away by having a really good time!

is a carefree, joyous atmosphere. These teachers forget they are teachers during the club meetings and become two of the most active and well-liked members. If any of the students doubt this, or anything mentioned in this article, just go around to one of the club meetings and see for yourself.

You cannot raise Cain during the planting season and reap angels when the harvest is ripe.
—Kate Burr.

Hurry Up! Let's Go!

Join Leaders' Class

Soccer, baseball, hockey, archery, tennis, badminton, fist-ball, etc.! What will you have girls? Take your pick!!

These are among the many sports from which one may choose. The G.A.A. has established this Saturday morning gym class under the able direction of Miss Mary Kelly, one of the girls' physical education instructors.

This class is for girls who wish to be leaders in some certain sport. It starts at nine o'clock and continues until eleven-thirty.

So come on! Get up early Saturday mornings and get your work done! Then come over to school and have a good time!

Amplification Unit

(Continued from Page One)

had several entertainments in addition to the generosity of these clubs.

Many of you students will remember that in the past, we have had several trials of this system. You will also remember the enjoyable results. Did you not think it was comforting to go to those assembly periods, during the trials, and hear everything that was said? You did not have to worry about missing any instructions which might have been given. Those excusable coughs of some of the students did not disturb you either. This is how it will always be after we have a permanent system installed.

Much credit and gratitude is due Mr. Nutt, with whom the idea originated.

Before many more terms have elapsed, I am sure you all heartily hope that it will be possible for Mr. Nutt, our principal enthusiast of this plan, to have the much talked about amplification unit installed in our auditorium.

For future issues of this news section, the Newsettes Editor will gratefully receive any school news contribution from any source. The department would appreciate helpful suggestions from the faculty and students. If you don't care to write the item, the Editor will send a reporter to interview you and to write up the article. We want to make the news section bigger and better each term.

Top Hat and Rabbit Man Fascinates Students

The Great William, alias Mr. William Angle, gave a performance in our high school, February 17, 1936, for the Amplification Fund. The Great William is a former student of this school, which no doubt prompted him to do this kind service for our school and his old school.

The students greeted him as they would an old friend and the afternoon passed as fast as his hands performed. Best of all, everyone, including the performer, went off well pleased and happy.

Pupils Tune Up

(Continued from Page Two)

are mentioned below.

Girls' Glee Club—Meets Monday and Wednesday during the seventh period. Like the Boys' Glee Club, this is a selected group, and excellent results have been attained. The membership has mounted to nearly one hundred and fifty girls whose interest and spirit of co-operation, as in the case of the boys, has been an inspiration. Alone, and in conjunction with the boys, they have entertained very generously and expertly on many occasions. An opportunity to broadcast, offered to them some time ago, appears to be very attractive, and they are grooming themselves with that broadcast, at some future date, in mind. The Woman's Club of Allwood has invited the Clifton High School Glee Clubs to offer a program of Christmas Carols at the December meeting of that club.

The Glee Clubs have made the following appearances this year:

Columbus Day Assembly
Armistice Day Assembly
Mark Twain Centennial Assembly
Thanksgiving Day Assembly
Christmas Day Assembly
P. T. A. Conference

Easter Assembly in the afternoon.

Future dates they have made are for the Spring Concert in the High School and the Memorial Day assembly.

Including the members of the Senior Class in the Senior Chorus, there are nearly seven hundred enrolled in our music groups. Clifton High School is becoming more and more music conscious!

Clifton High Trips the Light Fantastic; 4-1 Balloon Dance Goes Over With a Bang

If you had at any time on Friday, the twenty-fourth day of April, ventured down to the gymnasium, you would have found a group of excited students, all preparing for the senior 4-1 dance which was held that evening.

After much pondering, the dance and decoration committees, led by Margaret Ward, decided to call their affair a balloon dance. The gymnasium was decorated with balloons and pastel shades of crepe paper. The chairlady, with the help of Paul Ratzen, Lillian Wonenberger, Edward Mioducki, and the committee fixed the hall very attractively.

The advertising committee, consisting of Goldie Rosenfeld, chairlady; Ralph Smith, and Martin Uhlman, were responsible for many people's, other than Clifton High students, attending the dance.

After the ticket committee hand-

ed out tickets, collected them, and received money for them, they found that the extra work in preparing for the dance was well worth their while. On this committee were Frank Scanlon, chairman; Dorothy Libbey; and Ruth Baker.

Miss Hanna and Miss Clough, the class sponsors, spent much time and energy in getting the 4-1's started with their dance. They were always ready with new ideas and suggestions and they were always there to see that the plans were carried out.

Marjorie Brittain, president; Virginia Weissert, vice president; Edward Hill, treasurer; and Dorothy Blair, assistant treasurer, of the 4-1 class, did much scouting around to find an orchestra suitable for such an occasion as this. The favored man was Jack Dempsey and his Boys, who made the evening a complete success.

Cut-ups Study the Wide Open Spaces

The Biology Club, sponsored by Mr. Hartzel and presided over by Harry Stevens, is thriving under heavy handicaps, the main ones being the lack of a Biology Room and the lack of apparatus. They have been meeting in the Chemistry Room every Tuesday afternoon during the seventh period.

Mr. Hartzell is trying to get permission to use the Biology Room once a week during the seventh period. The freshmen are all for Mr. Hartzell; in fact, they are willing to have such an arrangement effected five periods a week with Saturday and Sunday thrown in for good measure.

The members of the club are going to take a hike through the woods to gather material, such as bugs and plants for their microscopic study.

In spite of the handicaps, only four members have dropped out from the beginning enrollment of twelve. Let's hope the freshmen have their way, "almost". Then everyone will be happy.

To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar.

Journalism Attracts Interest at C. H. S.

At the request of a large number of students of the Clifton High School the English Department caused the formation of an elective course of Practical Journalism for 4-1 students.

This course at the present is given as a substitute for the required course of English 4-1.

The present class consists of about twenty members, and holds its meetings during the third period in room 219, where it not only learns about the correct things to do in the composition of good journalistic writings, but takes an active part in the composition of a large section of the Reflector consisting of Club Pictures, School Snapshots, Club Write-ups, School News and Student Activities.

It was largely responsible for the origin of the Student Forum which appears in this issue. The class also meets the other requirements of the regular English 4-1 course.

We the members of the First Journalism Class greatly appreciate the many opportunities it affords us and hope that it may grow, prosper, and afford many more pleasures and opportunities to its future members.

GERMAN CLUB

First Row—Left to Right: Mildred Messenbrink, Ruth Pietsch, Julia Capowski, Gertrude Freise, Shirley Harvey, Miss J. Hoffmeister, Helen Stegen, Marjorie Brittain, Evelyn Pierson, Elanore Golle.

Second Row—Left to Right: William Schwind, Lester Rhoades, William Landy, Robert Slough, Walter Fleischer, Robert Spence, Victor Laytham.



HISTORY CLUB

Left to Right: Mildred Bialek, Miss J. Marshall, Robert Kantor, Vincenza Cusimano, Ann Samek, Daisy Swan, Arthur Arsenault, Robert Sandri, Evelyn Engelbrecht, Evelyn Fox, Ann Scanella, Robert Standard, Leo McMullin, John Esposito.



HI-Y

First Row—Left to Right: Ira Hegin, George Murdock, Robert Topps, Kerin Manion, Mr. W. F. Nutt, Herman Timm, Clifford Kennedy, Frank Sabat.

Second Row, Left to Right: John Smutek, Raymond Tunkle, John Cali, Chester Gursky, William Landy, Emil Matas, Marvin Eberling, Alden Zamborsky.

Third Row—Left to Right: John Scancerella, Raymond De Lucia, Michal Pida, Robert Talahamer, Frank C. Scanlan.



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Left to Right: Virginia Weissert, Lester Rhoades, Marjorie Brittain, Dorothy Blair, Eugene Young, Ralph Smith, Miss A. Connors, Ruth Stoneley, Paul Ratzin.





MIXED CHORUS



HONOR SOCIETY



BOYS' GLEE CLUB



JUNIOR POLICE

REFLECTOR STAFF



GIRL RESERVES



FOOT LIGHTS CLUB



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB





G. A. A. OFFICERS

Left to right:
Francis Berghorn, Adele Strogen,
Miss L. Richardson, Irene Oleksak,
Carol Drecki.



JOURNALISM CLASS

Left to right, First row:
Virginia Weissert, Mrs. H. L. Bloore,
Marjorie Brittain, Victor Laytham,
Dorothy Blair, Helen Gilewicz, Helen
Hoelzel, Dorothy Libbey.

Left to right, Second row:
Roberta Fletcher, Charles Wenz,
Marjorie Brittain, Victor Loytham,
Cathryn George, Matthew Stap, Rich-
ard Bowden, Mae Liebeman.



ORCHESTRA

Left to right, First row:
Irene Jahasz, Alida Tosche, Marth
Mayer.

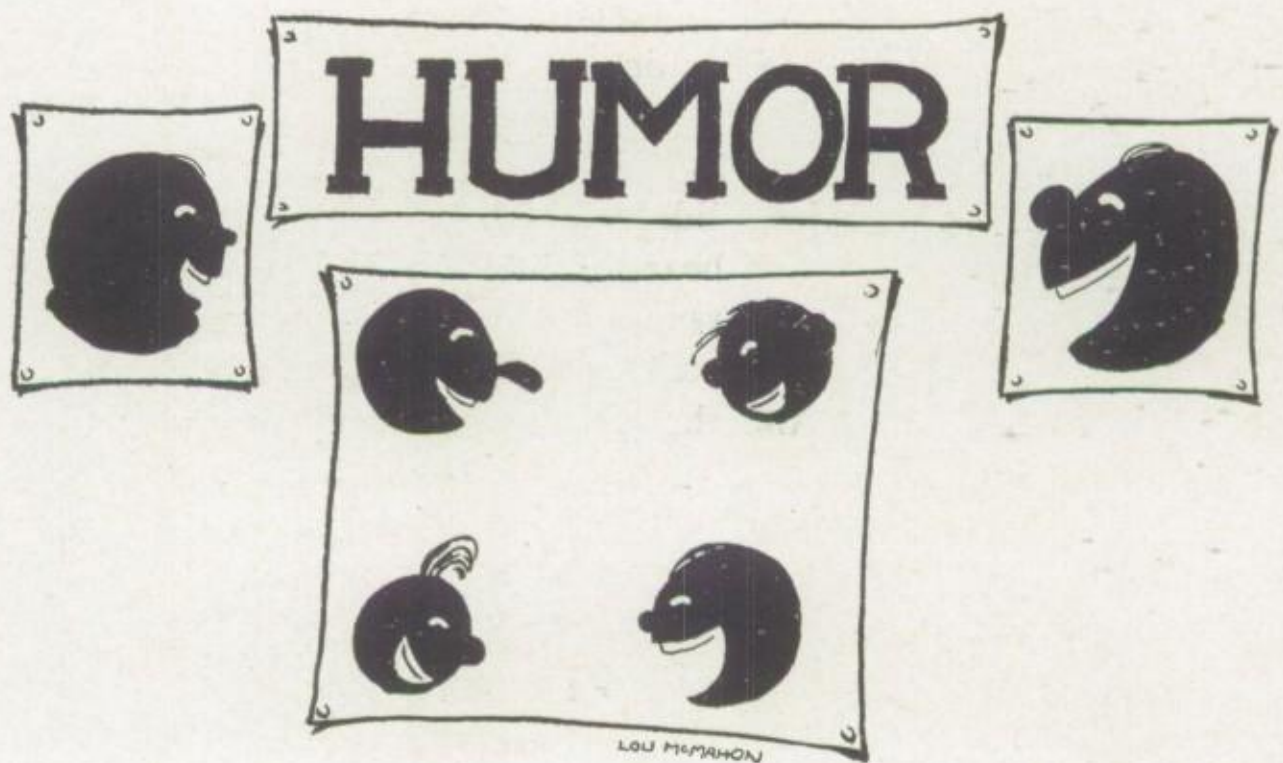
Second row:
Mr. B. Derr, Donald Gaul, John
McLain, John Capowski, William
Wagner.

Third row:
Alex Sorokowski, Bohdand Lerspin-
ski, Martin Uhleman, Arthur Ferwarda.



DEBATING SOCIETY

Left to right:
William Kulick, Ann Samek, Daisy
Swan, Mrs. H. L. Bloore, Robert Kan-
tor, Lucy Friedman, Nettie Smelkin-
son, Mr. B. Richards, Leo McMullin,
Helen Gilewicz, Mae Liebeman.





Rhythm In Our Nursery Rhymes

Little blue bus,
Come blow your horn.
Take us to school
In the early morn.
Where is the driver
Who makes the horn blow?
He's under the bus
Tryin' to make the thing go.

Hey-diddle-diddle,
Just hear the fiddle!
The saxophone's out of tune;
The audience laughs to see such sport,
And the teachers are ready to swoon.

Mary got her Latin book,
Its pages white as snow;
But Mary soon on every page
Wrote the words she didn't know.

Little Bo-peep,
She lost her sneaks
And can't tell where to find them.
Leave them alone
And they will come home,
With a fine from the clinic
Behind them.

Simple freshman met a teacher
Strolling, when he had a class.
Said the teacher to the freshman,
"Let me see your pass."
The freshman then began to quake,
And like a dopey Benny,
Instead of showing one he'd forged.
Replied, "I have not any."

Jack and Jill went up the hill
And cut class one spring day;
But they were caught,
And soon were taught
That such tricks didn't pay.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Attention she paid nil.
At the end of two weeks
Mid cries and mid shrieks
She had to take home a "gasbill."

Little Jack Horner sits in the corner,
Eating his candy bar.
His eating must cease!
His friends give him no peace,
But his candy bar doesn't go far.

Hickory, dickory, dock!
The class watches the clock;
The clock strikes one;
They leave on the run.
Hickory, dickory, dock!

Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
You won't make the team
If you're so thick.

Humpty-dumpty stayed in the hall;
For Humpty-dumpty—an office call.
All of his girl friends and all football men,
Couldn't get Humpty to cut class again.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead.
In the middle of a class
Out came her looking-glass
The teacher proclaimed it as, "horrid."

The Doctor Reports

<i>Name</i>	<i>Disease</i>	<i>Cures and remarks</i>
Marion Wesley	Actomania	The gong
Ethelind Larson	Boyitis	A girls' school
Eleanor Frany	Yodelitis	A sore throat
Marvin Eberling	Egoitis	A good snub
Adele Strogon	Manamania	A few ruffles
Ruth Shepard	Goody-goodness	Let it ride
John Cali	Bluffobia	He was born that way
Ann Scanella	Drawlitis	A tack on her chair
Daisy Swan	Fallapartus	A stitch in time
Holmes Lattimer	Big-timis	Just a childhood affliction
James McAlister	Crooniphobia	Gag him
Betty Bruhn	Come-hither eyes	Ignore it—it will go away
Lucille Nicole	St. Ballet Dance	A straight jacket would help
Vic Laytham	Little Boyitis	Try Grape-nuts
Harold Rojofsky	Learnamania	He'll come to a violent end
Joe Saloway	Legiondriac	Abolish the Legion Cadets
Joe Neglia	Too much Macbeth	Try reading "Goldylocks"
Helen Worschak	Giggilitis	No cure as yet for this strange malady

The cause of Haico Noonburg's heart trouble attend Passaic High.

The best cure of McAlister's indigestion is eating lunch at the Paramount Theatre, New York.

Millie Angel's high blood pressure comes from Paterson. It is a new form of bacteria called Wald.

Frank Solla played "he-man" for a little "freshie" by opening her locker with a hammer and chisel. Let's call him, "One-Blow" Frank.

Tit for Tat

What science teacher says, "All right, all right," and has a cute little laugh?

What is the name of the English teacher whose eyes pop out when she is angry?

Toe dancing is quite an art with Mrs. Anderegg.

Some of our teachers are guilty of the following motions while thinking:

Mrs. Bloore—a chin-wiggler

Mrs. Hackett—a nail-biter

Miss Connelly—a hummer

Mr. Reilly—a walker-upper-and-downer

Miss Brown—a mouth-opener

Miss McLain—an eye-blinker

Mr. Nutt—a pencil tapper.

Mrs. Grundy Reports

Has Evelyn Engelbrecht bought that Hi-Y pin yet?
Shaw's jokes are like pins and needles. He always gets stuck in the end.
Have you seen the ring given to Sue McCarthy by a Romeo at Central?
Spring doesn't mean a thing to Pete Sweeney. He's always in a daze.
Ray Tunkel and Helen Worschak were caught holding hands in English class. Miss Smith volunteered to take Helen's place.
Rose Kalincsak was heard asking Bill Kihm if he would write to her after graduation. Ah! such devotion.
Has Larry Shockner met that cute "freshie" yet?
Nancy Green has a suppressed desire to double for Shirley Temple.
"Pat" DeMolli should follow the Lux ads to prevent those distressing runs.
Margaret Kennedy is turning domestic. She won a carpet-sweeper. You can't start too soon to furnish your home.
The master locker-opener-uppers, "Tunk and Smooch," have been playing havoc with Lillian Wesley's locker. Tsh, boys, play nicely.
Kay McCarthy was kept very busy at the Honor Society party saving eats for her absent side-kick Mary Kane.
Dick Van Gelder (one would never think it of Dick) is smitten with a certain young lady's charms. He even went so far as to say that he thought that her senior pictures were the best of them all. By this time he had blushed a deep purple.
Pearl Miringoff is quite a seamstress. She gives Nancy Green advice almost every day during English period.
Was Marie Mazurik embarrassed? Miss C. Smith caught her sticking out her tongue. Tsh! Tsh!
Edward Vreeland couldn't explain how he happened to have some blond hair on his shoulder.

Extracts from Commercial Correspondence

We maintain an investment department fully equipped to advise customers in the purchase of stocks and bones.—E. Fischback.
We take pleasure at this time in informing you about the new safety vault we have just installed, and we are sure you will want to transfer *all* your belongings into our new ultra-modern deposit boxes.—B. Fengya.
(How about keeping out a couple of pairs of underwear and a toothbrush?)
As *I am the new office* of manager—M. Schmitt.
("I am the State," said Louis XIV).
Does this benk maintain a department which *it* advises depositors?—L. Nicole.
("Hallo! Skeeypair!")
Do you exercise full *fudiciary* powers?—L. Nicole.
(Does that mean cooking?)
By the way, the sample case I am now using is getting rather shabby, and doesn't leave a very prosperous impression *of the company behind*.—M. Schmitt.
(The company should be ashamed of itself).

Cleansing and *dying* are done at a very low figure.—E. Campbell.
(Any figure would be too low for the latter).

We have made frinds of a number of families who are pleased with out
laundry service.—J. Trecartin.
(Jah, jah, Hulda!)

When a group of seniors left room 312 after an hour of relaxation, the
following were found on the boards:

If you take away their candy their *Hartzell* break.

He's a *Kerwin* he's mad.

He lay down with his *Cheston* the bed.

He smelled a *Rosenfeld* down on the floor.

Can a teacher *Struyk* us?

Lesko, folks!

She *Shuster* go there.

The *Howells* of the wolf were heard.

If I don't behave, *Marshall* spank me.

Go *Anderegg* that away.

Go *Chase* yourself.

Hackett into small pieces.

The wind came along and *Bloore* down.

He took the *Dolan* quit his job.

He fell down the *Benkendorf* came his hat.

I *Derr* you.

If you're gonna *Petschaft* to go somewhere else.

Where you *Benson*?

How About It Seniors, What Would Happen

if Chester Gursky walked slowly to school?

if Arthur Shaw wouldn't tease the girls?

if James Wolstenholme played "hookey"?

if Pearl Miringoff couldn't say "Gee, I know I failed that test."

if Henry Topps wasn't always ready with some witty crack?

if Mary Kane grew taller and thinner than Katherine McCarthy?

if Rose Kalinsack wasn't eating something?

if Katherine Keeler grew as tall as Margaret Kennedy?

if Mildred Messenbrink hadn't been Editor-in-chief of the Reflector?

if we could all be as good looking as some of our freshmen?

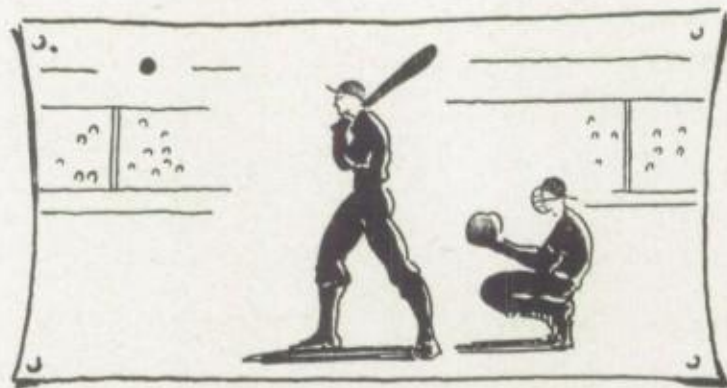
if we could pick our own teachers and not have so many subjects?

if they only wouldn't call us down to the office so often and get us all
excited when it's really nothing important?

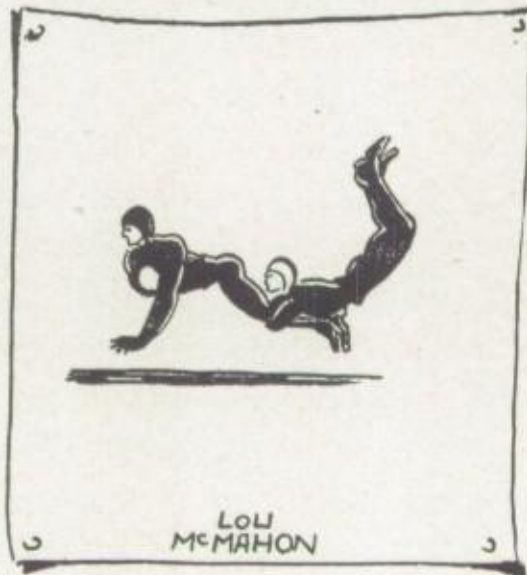
if we all turned out to be what we intend to now?

if a senior got a job right after graduation?

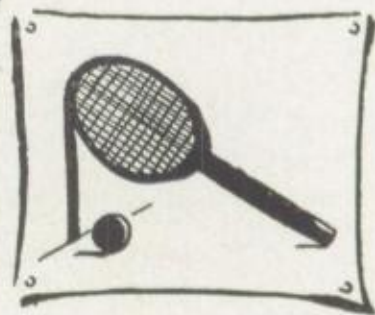
if Ruth Shepherd didn't do her homework?



SPORTS



LOW
McMAHON



BASEBALL

(left to right)

Back Row
 Manager Matas
 Bill De Vries
 Harold Miller
 Pat Paternoster
 George Keller
 Pete Novak
 Red Fillis
 Ace Baillie
 Coach Emil Bednarcik
 Middle Row
 Clifford Kennedy
 Frank Lennon
 John Smutek
 Edward Puzio
 Mirabeau Cavallini
 Frank Shear
 Robert Ledwith
 Front Row
 Emil Smagula
 George Furst
 Robert Tuzzeo
 Norman Pedvilliano
 Mike Pida
 Tommy Munkittrick



BASEBALL

Up to the time of this writing, Clifton High School's baseball team is having one of its most successful seasons in a long time. The team has won five out of its eight games to date. They share the County League lead with Paterson Central, each having two victories and one defeat.

Our boys have been paced in their victories by the brilliant hurling of Pete Novak, one of the few veterans left from last year. Pete has won all five of the games, four as a starting pitcher and one as a relief hurler. He has been doing some beautiful hurling, allowing very few hits and striking out a total of 62 batters. In the first game of the season, against Teaneck, he struck out 21 batters and allowed only four hits.

The boys have been getting their share of hits to support their hurlers. Baillie, Lennon, and Smagula are among the leading hitters on the team, and also in the County League.

This is the first year that the team is in charge of Coach Emil Bednarcik, and he is doing an excellent job of building up a winning combination in an attempt to put Clifton once again into the scholastic limelight after several lean years. He has an excellent chance of leading Clifton to its first league championship in a long time.

GOLF

During this winter and early spring, free golf lessons were given to Clifton High School pupils by Mr. Myron Kniffen, Passaic County golf professional. A county league was formed; and, though our team has won only one of its matches to date, it has not been shut out in any, but it has given a good account of itself in all.

Our golfers are a mixture of veterans and rookies, but all play their best, even in defeat. Eastside, Central, Butler, and Pompton Lakes are the other teams in the league, and most of them are to be met in return matches before the season's close. Mr. Ham, the coach, expects to fare even better in these games.

The players were: Frank Furman, Wm. Champin, S. Procopio, M. Fostek, Charles Bertram, and Ira Hagins.

The scores were:

Pompton Lakes 6—Clifton 12
Butler 10 —Clifton 8
Central 14½ —Clifton 3½
Eastside 15 —Clifton 3

Walter Fleischer, June '37

GOLF

(left to right)

Charles Bertrand
 Mike Fostek
 Frank Furman
 Russel Williamson
 Ira Hagins
 Howard Habicht
 William Champin
 Sol Procopio
 Coach Randall Ham



Captains



TRACK

(left to right, down)

Back Row

Coach Langley Claxton
Norman Leland
Charley Wenz
Harvey Dorpfeld
Jim McAllister
Frank Allen
George Soder
Norman Hansen

Middle Row

Edward Hill
Morris Westhoven
Robert Merbler
Steve Cherewaty
Edward Mioducki

Bottom Row

Clifford Cocker
Pat Esposito
Al Pityo

TENNIS

At the start of this season the Clifton High School "netters" were faced with the difficulty of getting necessary practice, and the outlook for a good season was not very bright, for only one veteran was available. However, now that several practices have been held, the boys, under the direction of coach Arthur Benson, are gradually rounding into shape, and before the season is over we expect to see a team that the school can be proud of.

They have lost their two matches to date, to both Eastside and Passaic by 4-1, but not without giving a hard battle.

Let us hope that the boys continue their improvement and have a very successful season.

Schedule and scores:

May

- 15—Clifton (1)—Paterson Eastside (4), away
- 20—Clifton (1)—Passaic (4), away
- 29—Clifton—East Rutherford, home

June

- 5—Clifton—Paterson Eastside, home
- 8—Clifton—Lyndhurst, home
- 12—Clifton—Passaic, home
- 15—Clifton—Lyndhurst, away.

Warren Erbe, June '37

TRACK

CLIFTON WINS THE COUNTY TRACK MEET AGAIN

The winning margin was greater this time than last year. The scores were as follows: Clifton—49½, Eastside—32½, Passaic—24.

"Ed" Hill broke the half mile record. The old time was 2 minutes 7.8 seconds; Hill's time was 2 minutes 6.2 seconds.

In the four meets already held, the tracksters have won one.

The team is much stronger than last year, for a few of its members have unofficially tied or broken County League records. Coach Claxton's team is well balanced, as good men are in the sprints, distance runs, and field events.

Their first meet was a triangular one with Passaic and Montclair. The team finished second, well ahead of Passaic. Then Paterson Eastside and Tenafly took them over.

In the warmup meet for the County meet, our tracksters easily defeated East Rutherford. The season is yet too young to tell whether it is to be a successful one; but now that we have won the County meet, it can be so judged.

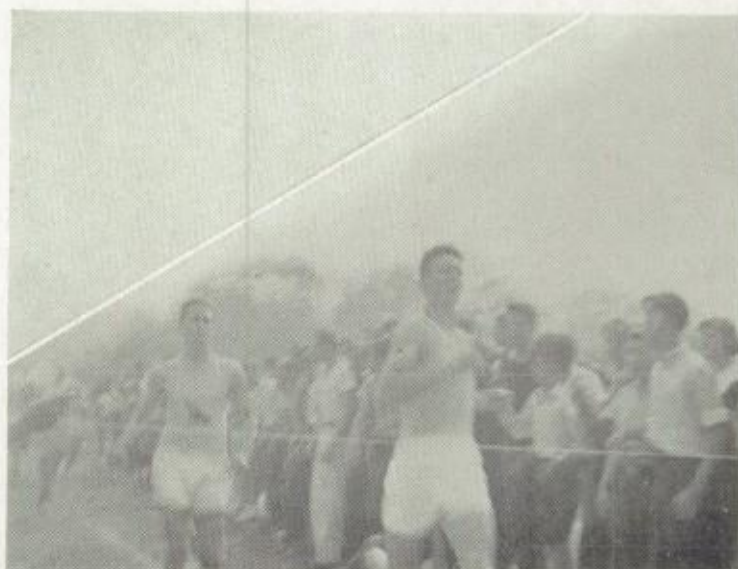
Walter Fleischer, June '37



TENNIS TEAM

(left to right, down)

Edward Faust
Edward Mioducki
Edward Fisher
Robert Munkittrick
Robert Spence
William Kievit
Lee Hassert
Edward Kudla
Warren Erbe







Basketball

By

Warren Erbe

Walter Fleisher

June '37

Last season we had high hopes of a county championship because many of last year's veterans were available. However, we had only a mediocre season, winning nine and losing nine. We finished in a tie for third place with Paterson Central in the County League, winning two games and losing four.

Under the able tutelage of Coaches Claxton and Bednarcik, the team defeated the Alumni and then Dover High, but lost its next two games to league rivals. We then trounced Teaneck, but followed this with the loss of a thriller to Passaic by 30-25. Next we defeated Hawthorne, and followed this by winning our first league game, taking the league-leading Eastside Ghosts in tow by eight points. Out of the next six games we won only one, beating Lyndhurst 26-21. They then regained their form and swamped Dover, lost a close one to Lyndhurst, and beat Paterson Central for their second league victory. In the closing game the Varsity defeated our Faculty 34-26 in a highly interesting game.

Our Jayvee squad had a very successful season, losing only two games, both to the Passaic second team.

Captain "Red" Marchione led our team in scoring with 102 points in sixteen games, and Jim McAlister, one of the best guards Clifton has had in a long time, was a close second with an even 100 points.

Following is a list of the players:

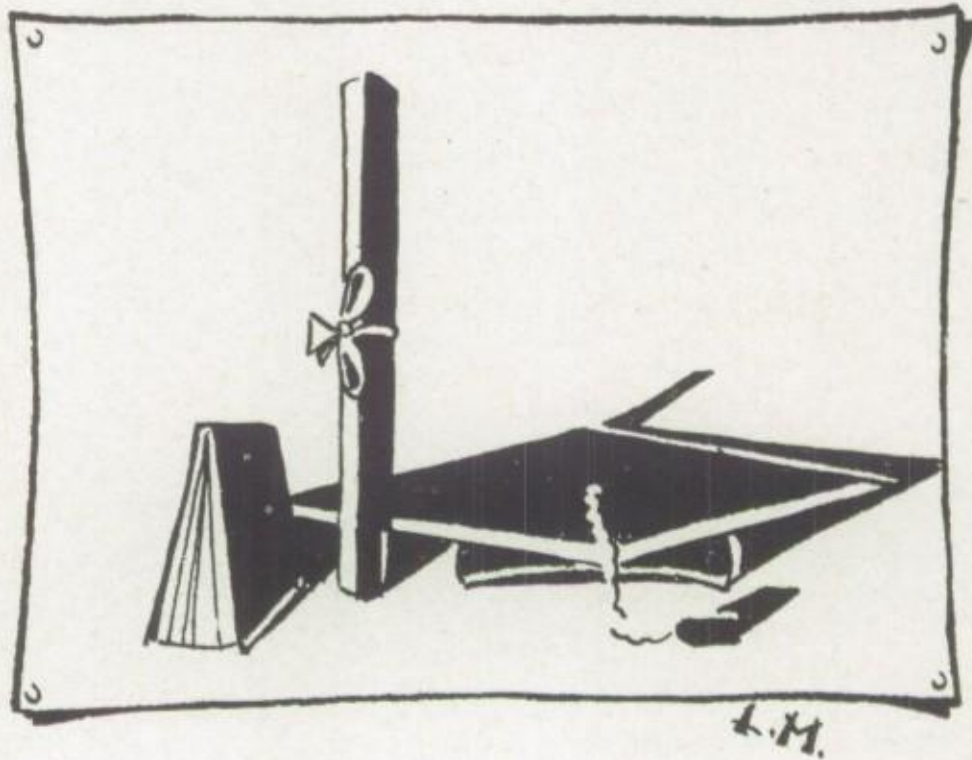
Captain "Red" Marchione, Paul Swiatek, Harvey Dorpfeld, Jim McAlister, "Fuzzy" Lennon, Pete Shear, Emil Smagula, John Ward, A. Vaxmonsky, Pete Novak, "Red" Fillis, Howie Branthwaite, "Ace" Baillie, "Pat" Paternoster, Thomas Munkittrick, Edward Manners, Anton Wurst, John Maziarsky, Orphys, Pavlic.

The managerial duties were capably handled by Manager Frank Solla and his assistant, Robert Hosken.

The schedule and scores:

CLIFTON		OPPONENTS		CLIFTON		OPPONENTS	
"	27	Alumni	22	"	26	Lyndhurst	21
"	27	Dover	8	"	32	Teaneck	34
"	23	Paterson Central	27	"	24	Passaic	42
"	19	Paterson Eastside	24	"	28	East Rutherford	49
"	43	Teaneck	18	"	51	Dover	13
"	25	Passaic	30	"	17	Lyndhurst	29
"	25	Hawthorne	19	"	30	Paterson Central	19
"	34	Eastside	26	"	34	Faculty	26
"	17	East Rutherford	24	—	—		—
"	16	Hawthorne	26	498			457

SENIORS





The Senior Class Officers

Walter Pullan—"Walt"

"A friend, a worker, and a leader."

Ambition—Business

Francis Solla—"Frank"

"I am shut in an ideal universe."

Ambition—Doctor

Nancy M. Green—"Nan"

*"She has abilities not only in class but
in music as well."*

Ambition—Music Supervisor

Mary Kane—"Sugar Kane"

*"Oh Romeo! Romeo! wherefore art
thou, Romeo?"*

Ambition—Private Secretary



Herman Adams

*"There's no mischief in this man—
much."*

Ambition—Radio Engineer

Concetta Agnello—"Connie"

"Good nature is a good asset."

Ambition—Surgical Nurse



Peter Andreotta—"Pete"

*"Wise men say nothing in these
dangerous times."*

Ambition—Reporter

Edna Ball—"Eddie"

"How calm; how serene!"

Ambition—Nurse

Irene Baumgardt—"Renee"

*"An even disposition is to be admired
by all."*

Ambition—Nurse

Mildred Baumann—"Mil"

"Often seen, but seldom heard."

Ambition—Business

Matthew Pershing Beattie—"Matt"

"Just an easy-going fellow."

Ambition—Undecided

Albert Belli—"Al"

"A finer fellow never lived."

Ambition—Mechanical Engineer

Mildred Bialek

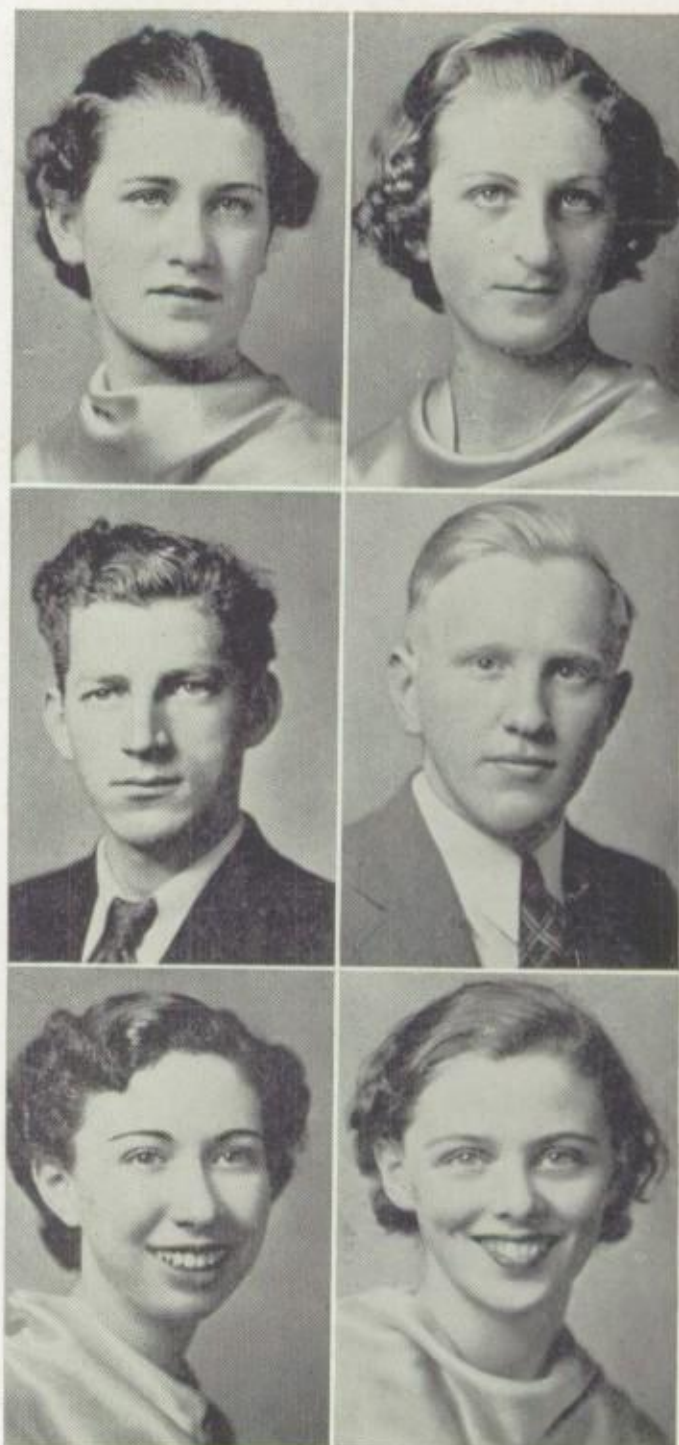
*"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me."*

Ambition—Social Administration

Frances Berghorn—"Fran"

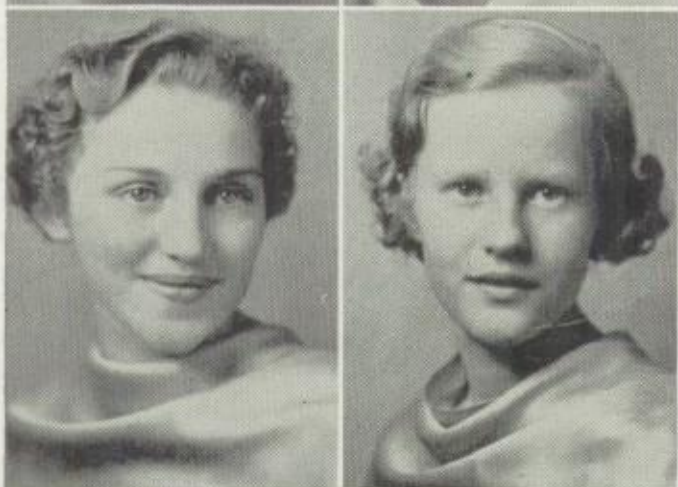
"When Irish eyes are smiling."

Ambition—Mathematics Teacher



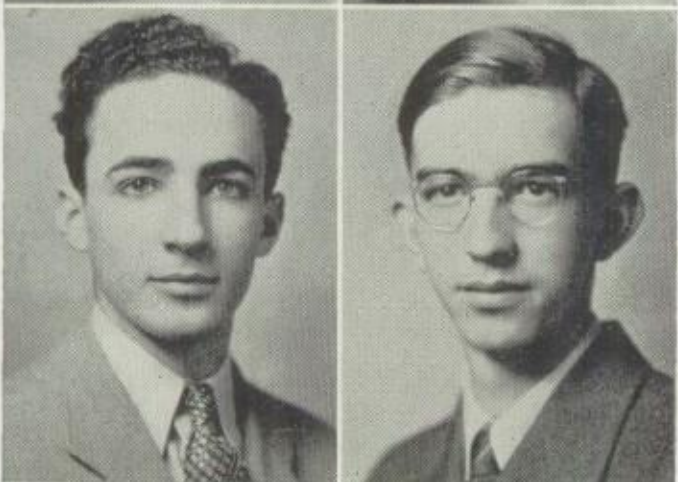


Evelyn Bisset—"Biscuits"
"Oh, that everlasting giggle."
 Ambition—Nurse



Florence Brommelsiek—"Sis"
"She leads a gay, careless life."
 Ambition—Social Secretary

Minnie Bush—"Min"
"She gently blushed."
 Ambition—Secretary



Karla Calais—"Casey"
*"One is not to be judged by size, but
 by his knowledge."*
 Ambition—Interpreter

John Cali—"Jua"
*"There is much within myself that
 pleases me."*
 Ambition—Teacher

Edward Campbell—"Ed"
"'Tis good-will makes intelligence."
 Ambition—President

Julia Capowski—"Jule"
"Zealous, yet modest."
 Ambition—Music Supervisor, Concert
 Pianist

John Captain—"Deacon"
"Men of few words are the best men."
 Ambition—Musician

William Champin—"Bill"
*"All his faults are such that one loves
 him still the better for them."*
 Ambition—Mechanical Engineer

Steve Cherewaty
*"Be silent and safe; silence never
 betrays you."*
 Ambition—Undecided





Anne Cocker
"Quiet, yet dignified."
 Ambition—Business



Clifford Cocker—"Cliff"
"You shall not be over-bold."
 Ambition—Mechanical Engineer

Rose Costanza—"Row"
*"For she was just the quiet kind
 Whose nature never varies."*
 Ambition—Business

Vincenza Cusimano—"Vinnie"
"Purpose is what gives life a meaning."
 Ambition—Business

Ruth De Boer—"Ruthie"
"I would be a friend to all."
 Ambition—Music

Raymond DeLucia—"Ray"
*"Good nature is worth more than
 knowledge."*
 Ambition—Engineer

Mary DeMolli—"Pat"
"A kindness is never lost."
 Ambition—Secretary

Marjorie Dennis—"Marge"
*"A merry heart maketh a cheerful
 countenance."*
 Ambition—Nurse

Eugene De Tone—"Gene"
"He is always gay and ready for fun."
 Ambition—Travel Trade

Tunis De Yager—"Wink"
*"Humor has been regarded as the finest
 perfection of poetic genius."*
 Ambition—Undecided





Clara Di Chiara

*"Let gentleness my strong enforcement
be."*

Ambition—Business

Joseph Donatelli—"Don"

*"Too low they build who build beneath
the stars."*

Ambition—Lawyer

Betty Donnelly—"Bet"

"A maid of quiet ways."

Ambition—Physical Education
Instructor

Marvin Eberling—"Merf"

*"Temper is so good a thing that one
should never lose it."*

Ambition—Science Teacher

Evelyn Engelbrecht—"Evie"

*"To worry little, to study less,
Is my idea of happiness."*

Ambition—Dietician

Walter Edward Faust—"Ed"

*"A mighty genius lies hidden beneath
this rough exterior."*

Ambition—Aeronautical Engineer

Betsy Fengya—"Bets"

"Youth comes but once in a lifetime."

Ambition—Private Secretary

Elizabeth Fishbach—"Betty"

"Prudence is a virtue."

Ambition—Private Secretary, Sales Girl

Evelyn Fox—"Foxey"

"Think not I am what I appear."

Ambition—Dressmaker

Ruth Francis

"Haste seldom gets one anywhere."

Ambition—Undecided





Eleanor Frany—"Ellie"

"It becomes all women to converse."

Ambition—Nurse

Horst Fritsche—"Fritsch"

"A proud owner of a million dollar car."

Ambition—Mechanical Engineer

Eleanor Golle—"El"

"Sweet and smiling are thy ways."

Ambition—Nurse

Rose Grecco

"It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."

Ambition—Business

Adolph Guenther—"Sonny"

"If music be the fruit of love, play on."

Ambition—Musician

Chester Gursky—"Chet"

"A man governed by his own opinion."

Ambition—Aeronautical or Chemical Engineer

Theodore Hladik—"Ted"

"Sometimes he sits and thinks, and sometimes he just sits."

Ambition—Engineer

Arthur Holmes—"Art"

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

Ambition—Mechanical Engineer

Miriam Hornstra

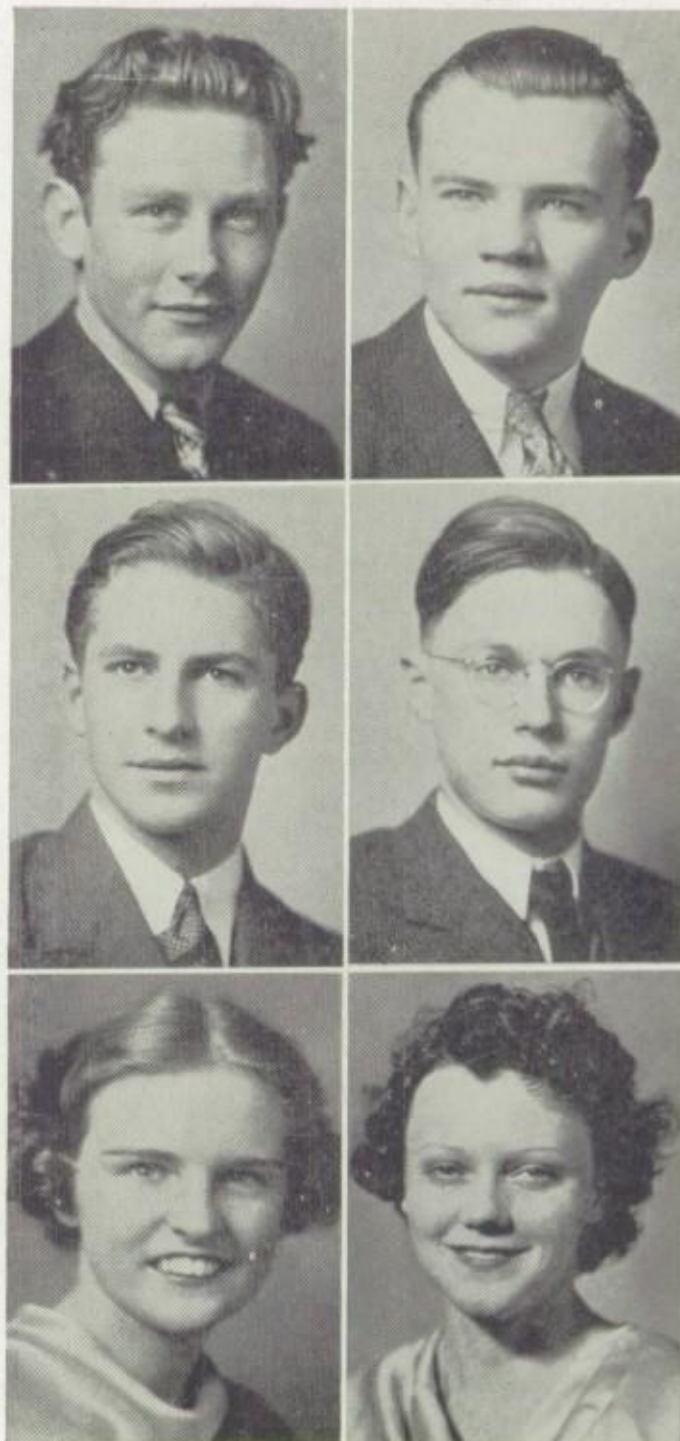
"I strike the stars with my sublime head."

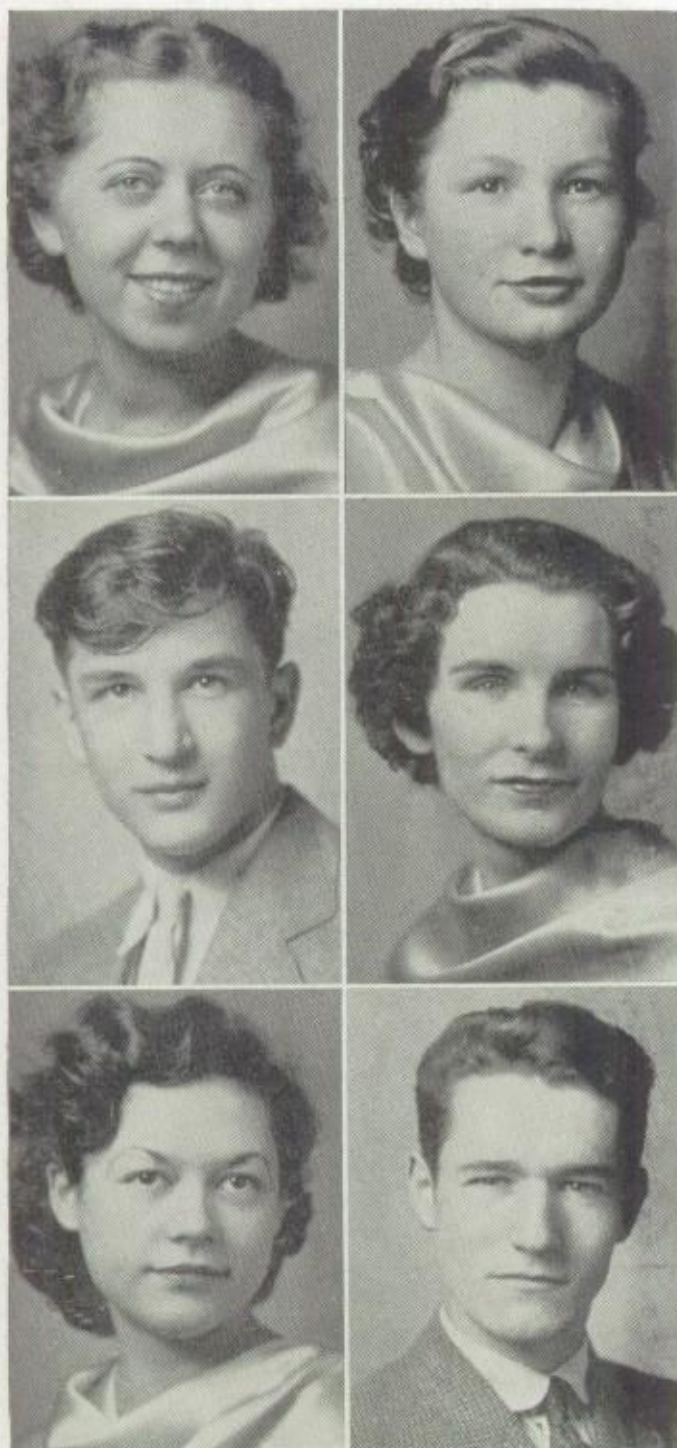
Ambition—Accountant

Agnes Elizabeth Houman—"Betty"

"I chitter, chatter as I go."

Ambition—Nurse





Nellie Juchnewicz—"Nell"

"So calm, so quiet."

Ambition—Business

Rose Kalincsak—"Kelly"

*"The race by vigor, not by vaunts,
is won."*

Ambition—Lawyer

Emil Kaplan—"Kapie"

"Exemptions are his specialty."

Ambition—Law

Catherine Keeler—"Kay"

"'Tis well to be merry and wise."

Ambition—Business

Irene Kessler—"Renee"

*"There's nothing like a rattling ride
for curing melancholy."*

Ambition—Newspaper Reporter

George Keller—"Buster"

"He is the very picture of politeness."

Ambition—Undecided

Margaret Kennedy—"Marge"

*"Genuine wit implies no small amount
of wisdom and culture."*

Ambition—Masseuse

William Kihm—"Bill"

"Beware the fury of a patient man."

Ambition—Certified Public Accountant

Edith Kirchner—"Ede"

*"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."*

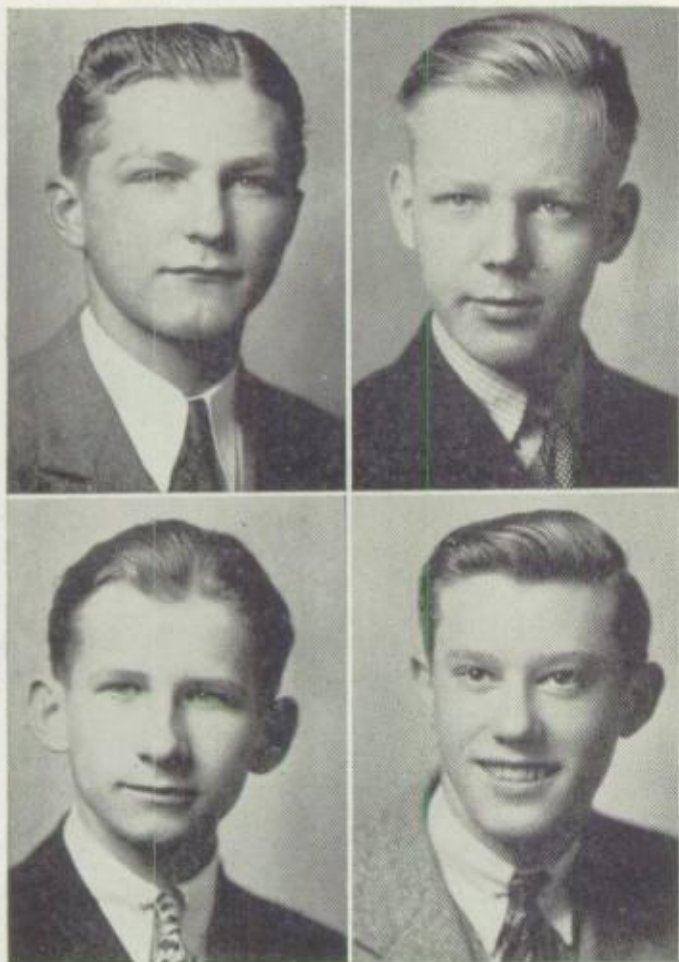
Ambition—Nurse

Robert Kirchner—"Bob"

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

Ambition—Electrical Engineer,
Draftsman





Steve Kopas—"Peel"
"Here, there, everywhere."
 Ambition—Undecided

John H. Kroll—"Jack"
"Men make the best friends."
 Ambition—Aviation

William Kulick—"Bill"
*"Our lives are measured by the deeds
 we do."*
 Ambition—Law

Adrian Kuzmick—"Stretch"
"Let my deep silence speak for me."
 Ambition—Aviation

Ethelind Larson
"Undefinable."
 Ambition—English Teacher

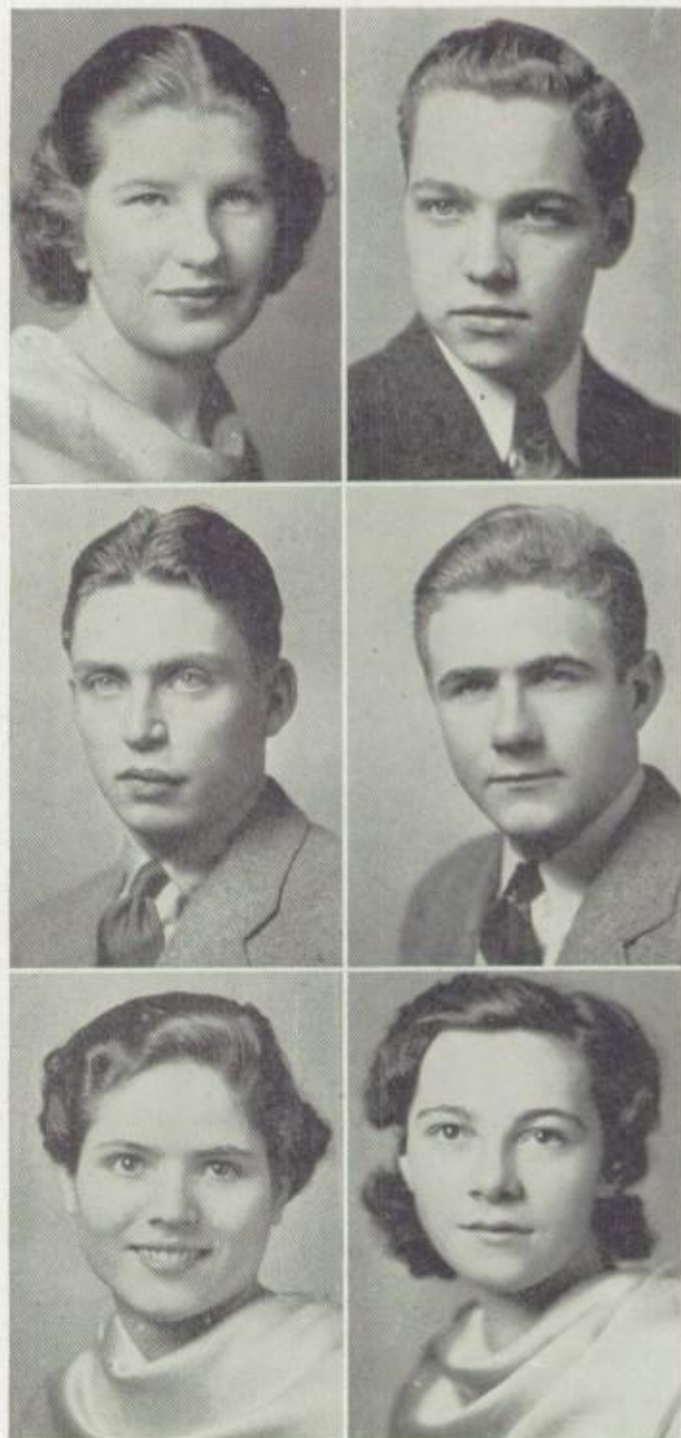
Holmes Lattimer—"Joe"
"And, but himself, admits no parallel."
 Ambition—Art Work

Norman Leland—"Norm"
*"By the work
 One knows the workman!"*
 Ambition—Advertising

Frank Lennon—"Fuzzy"
"Stout of heart and strong of limb."
 Ambition—Business

Pelagia Lucatos—"Poppy"
"I come from afar."
 Ambition—Singer, Writer

Evana Lyons—"Eve"
*"Constancy in labor will conquer all
 difficulties."*
 Ambition—Business





Ralph Marchese—"Mark"

"Good things come in small packages."
Ambition—Commercial Artist

Leo Marchione—"Red"

*"A fine player on the court,
A regular fellow and a good sport."*
Ambition—Engineer

Martha Mayer—"Marty"

"Martha's biggest asset is her curls."
Ambition—Business

Maria Mazurik—"Smiles"

*"Cheer up! Today is the tomorrow you
worried about yesterday."*
Ambition—Private Secretary

James McAllister—"Alabam"

"A smooth dancer, that's Jimmie."
Ambition—Physical Education

Catherine McCarthy—"Kate"

"A kind, clear way I do follow."
Ambition—Private Secretary

Sue McCarthy—"ZaSu Pitts"

*"Why take life too seriously? You'll
never get out alive."*
Ambition—Undecided

Daniel McGuire—"McGov"

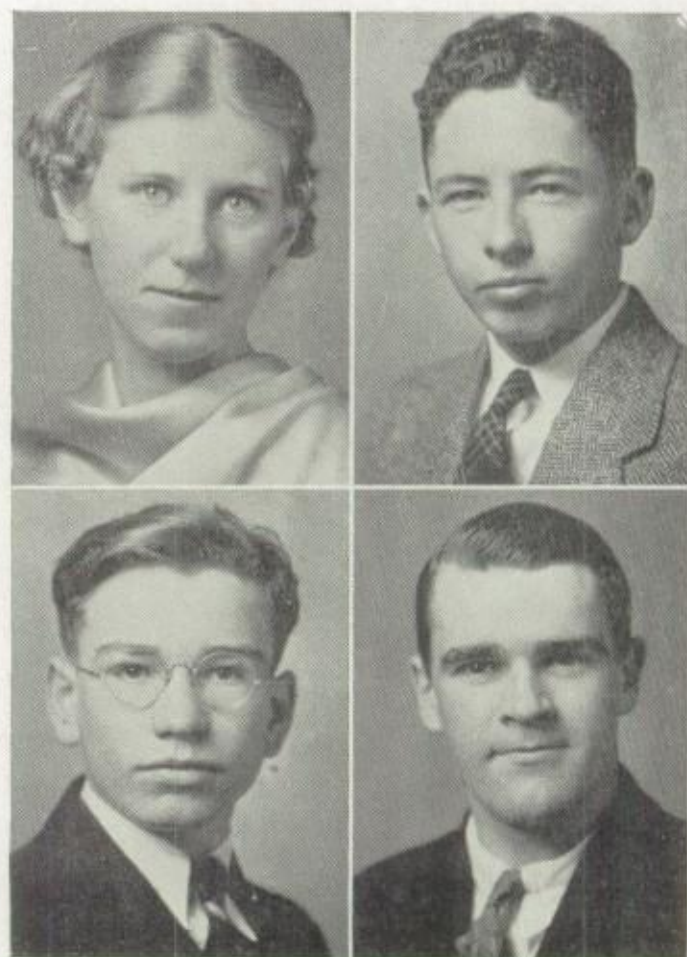
"Worry kills men; why die?"
Ambition—To be famous

John McLain—"Mac"

"Tee-hee! I would a jester be."
Ambition—Music

John McLeod

"When I ran the mile in 4:40."
Ambition—Undecided





Leo McMullin—"Mickey"
"A real master of his destiny."
 Ambition—Zoologist



Lydia Merlo—"Lee"
"What should a girl do but be merry?"
 Ambition—Stenographer

Mildred Messaros—"Millie"
"She smileth, but she doth not speak."
 Ambition—Air Hostess

Mildred Messenbrink
*"And by her speech, she soothes the
 raging waters."*
 Ambition—Teacher

James Raymond Michaud—"Do"
"To disagree is to add spice to life."
 Ambition—Chemist

Erin Mikulik
"Hard he labored, long and well."
 Ambition—Certified Public Accountant

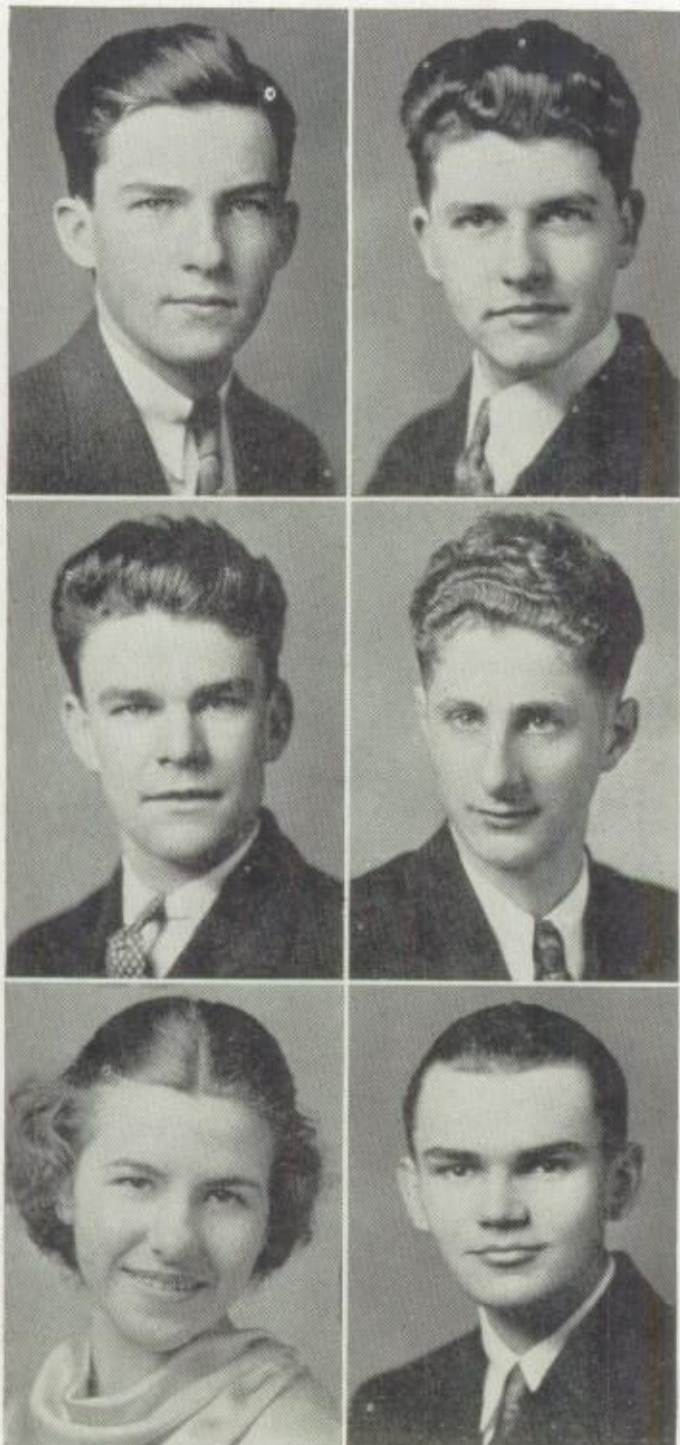
Harold Miller—"Hal"
*"Not as quiet as one would be led to
 think."*
 Ambition—Music

Leslie Mintz—"Les"
"Begone, dull care."
 Ambition—Doctor

Pearl Miringoff—"Dewdrops"
*"But for my own part, it was Greek
 to me."*
 Ambition—Private Secretary

Florence Moore—"Flossie"
*"The temple of our purest thoughts is
 silence."*
 Ambition—Nurse





Paul Mulvihill

"There are some silent people more interesting than talkative people."

Ambition—College

Edward Munkittrick—"Eddie"

"Wise to resolve, patient to perform."

Ambition—Literature

Thomas Munkittrick—"Tom"

"Cheerfulness is what greases the axles of the world."

Ambition—Professional Baseball

Joseph Neglia—"Joe"

"A good heart is worth more than gold."

Ambition—Business

Lucille Nicole—"Duchess"

"A horse! A horse! my kingdom for a horse."

Ambition—Fashion Designer

Alfred Novak—"Al"

"The more a man knows, the more he is inclined to be modest."

Ambition—Undecided

Dorothy O'Conner—"Dot"

"Open my eyes to visions girt with beauty, and with wonder lit."

Ambition—Journalism

Ruth Okonowsky

"So the victrola and I talked on."

Ambition—Teacher

Alberta Oosterhout—"Bertie"

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."

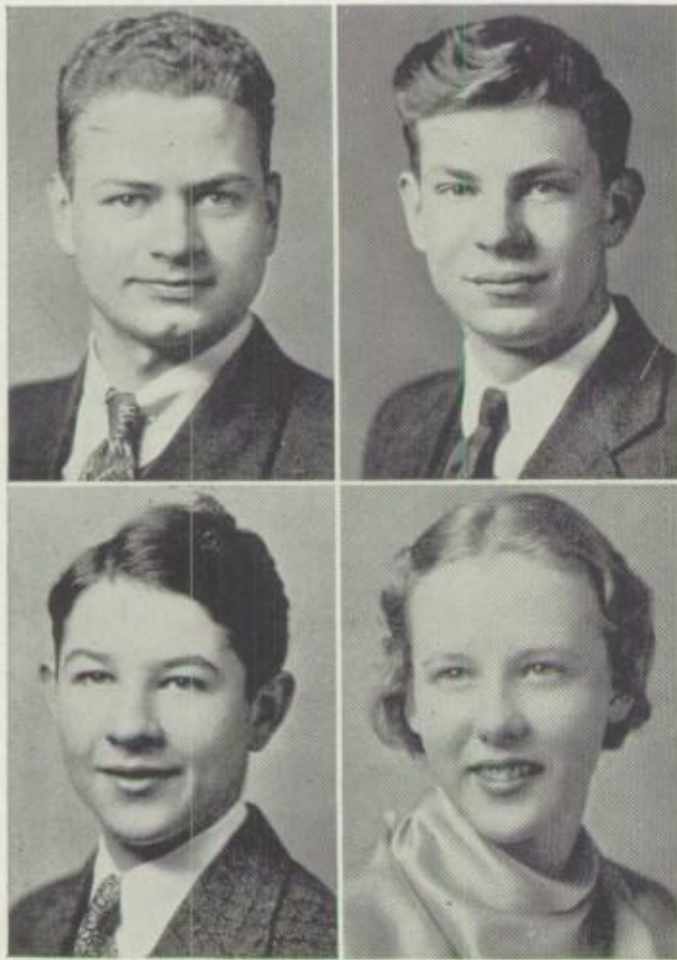
Ambition—Business

Robert Patterson—"Bob"

"I have steeled my heart against the wiles of women."

Ambition—Mechanics





Joseph Paul—"Joe"

*"Greater men than I have lived—
but I doubt it."*

Ambition—United States Navy

Bernard Penner

*"Every teacher must love a pupil who
is docile."*

Ambition—Undecided

John Peterson—"Brute"

*"As idle as a painted ship upon a
painted ocean."*

Ambition—Tap dancer, singer

Doris Pettigrew—"Dot"

"Never hurry, never worry."

Ambition—Teacher

Lester Piela—"Ben"

"Thought works in silence."

Ambition—Duke University

Robert Pullis—"Bob"

*"I strove for none, for none were
worth my strife."*

Ambition—Undecided

Maurice Pupier—"Frenchy"

"Sincerity gives wings to power."

Ambition—Silk Dyer

Wanda Puzio—"Bab"

"There's a time for everything."

Ambition—Private Secretary

Grace Quadland

"Not too talkative, but thoughtful."

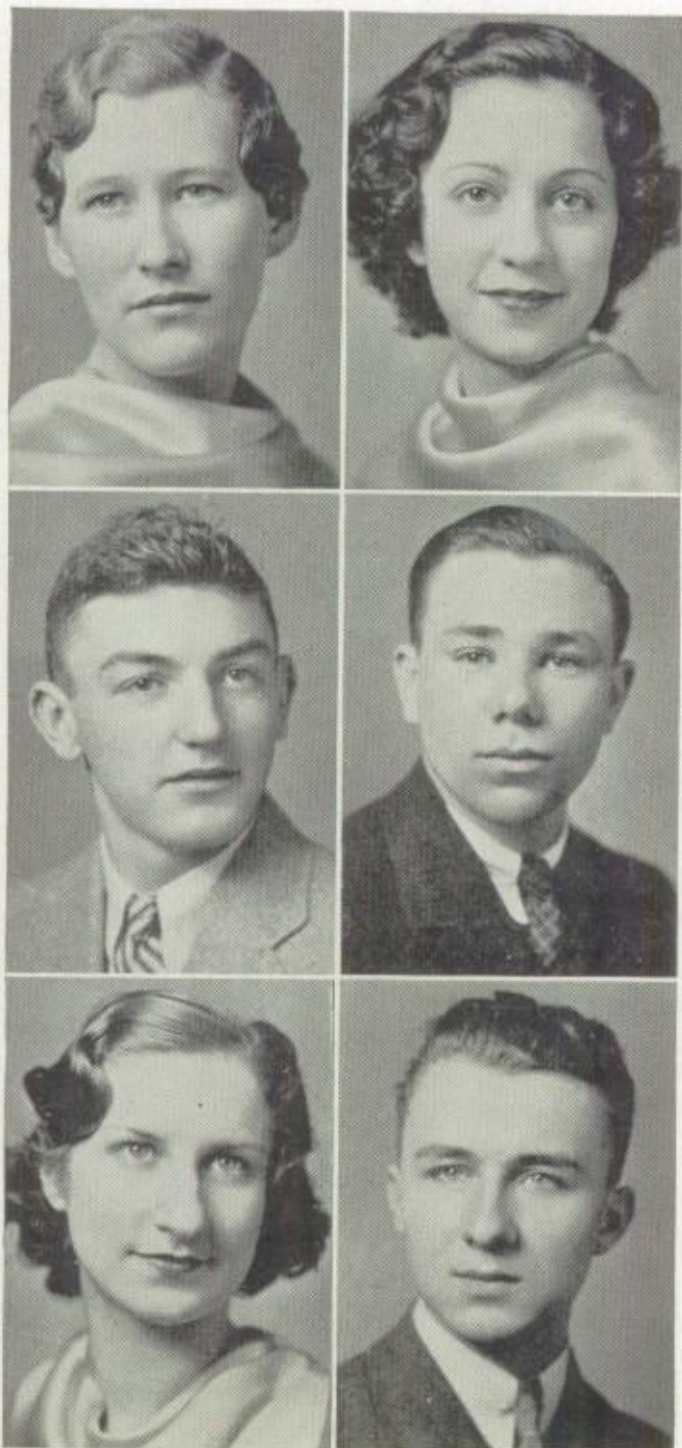
Ambition—Undecided

David Rapp—"Bud"

"Our quiet boy—we wonder."

Ambition—Business Administration





Anna Robertson—"Ann"
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."
 Ambition—Secretary

Sylvia Ramundo
"Those dark eyes aglow."
 Ambition—Telephone Operator

Arnold Sala
"The less said, the sooner mended."
 Ambition—Undecided

Joseph Saloway
"Toiling onwards towards his goal."
 Ambition—Conduct a Symphony
 Orchestra—Traffic Manager

Anne Scannella
"Silence sweeter is than speech."
 Ambition—Business

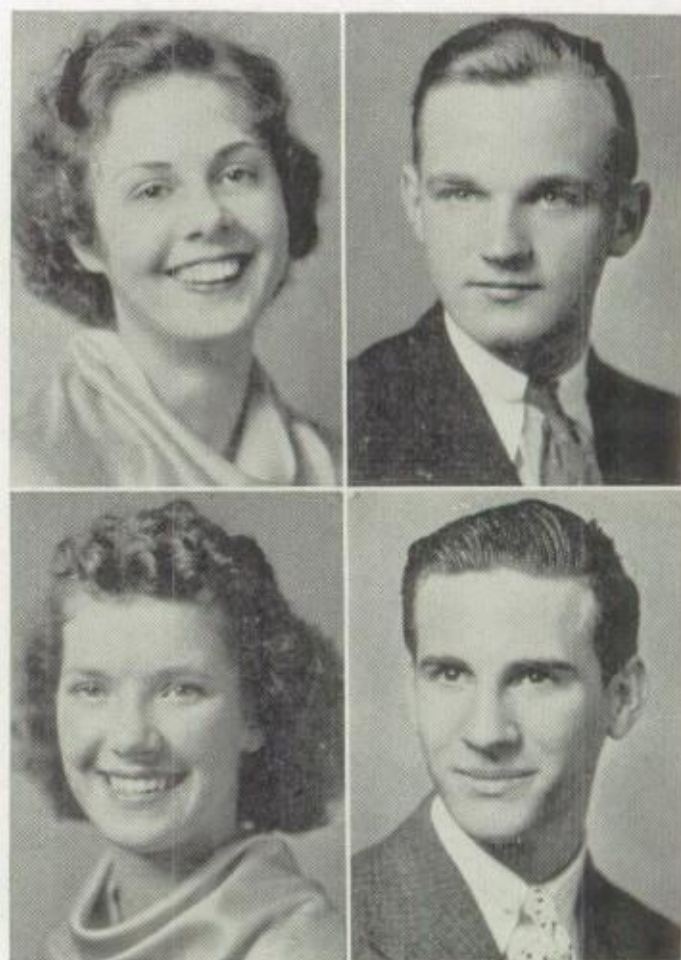
William Schaffer—"Bill"
*"But I have lived, and have not
 lived in vain."*
 Ambition—Undecided

Margaret Schmitt—"Margie"
*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
 And most divinely fair."*
 Ambition—Secretary

Lawrence Schockner—"Larry"
"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."
 Ambition—Undecided

Charlotte Scholtz—"Scholzie"
"Dances? I make them."
 Ambition—Dancer, Swimmer

William Schwind—"Bill"
*"All great men are dying; I don't
 feel well myself."*
 Ambition—Mortician





George Seventko—"Specks"
"The human mind is a great mystery."
 Ambition—Public Accountant

Arthur Shaw
*"Small and meek, but oh!
 what a sheik."*
 Ambition—Cartoonist



Ruth Shepherd—"Ruthie"
*"I have taken all knowledge to be
 my province."*
 Ambition—Private Secretary

Peter Shraga—"Slim"
*"A quiet mind is nature's greatest gift
 to man."*
 Ambition—Business

James Sigler—"Jim"
*"Not conspicuous, but earnest in what
 he does."*
 Ambition—Teacher

Morris Simkin
*"Life may be a gamble, but you play
 your own cards."*
 Ambition—Undecided

Anne Slaff
*"For i' faith, old care, thee and I
 shall never agree."*
 Ambition—College

Irene Slavik—"Renie"
*"Unconscious as the sunshine—
 simply sweet."*
 Ambition—Nurse

Nettie Smelkinson
"Quiet and demure."
 Ambition—Doctor

Viola Smith—"Vi"
*"Industry is the only coin acceptable
 at the gate of success."*
 Ambition—French Teacher





William Smith—"Smitty"
"See, and then speak for yourselves."
 Ambition—Draftsman

John Smutek—"Lefty"
"What treasures in baseball."
 Ambition—Accountant

Helen Stegen
"Pleasant in manner; gracious in mien."
 Ambition—Undecided

Stephen Sterancsak—"Steve"
"To draw beauty shows a Master's hand."
 Ambition—Sculptor

Harry Stevens
"He that has patience may compass anything."
 Ambition—Bio-Chemistry

Adele Strogen—"Strogie"
"She is given to sports."
 Ambition—Physical Education
 Instructor

Muriel Stull—"Myrt"
"He who sings frightens away his ills."
 Ambition—Singer

Wilhelmina Thomann—"Willie"
"Take heed of still waters; they quick pass away."
 Ambition—Secretary

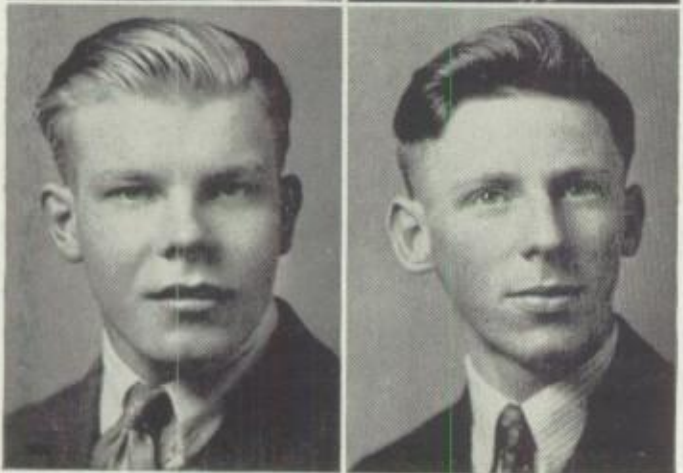
Nellie Tivey—"Nell"
"A soft answer turneth away wrath."
 Ambition—Secretary

Patrick Henry Topps—"Lightning"
"The more one fools, the more one laughs."
 Ambition—Certified Public Accountant





Joan Trecartin—"Joanie"
"A young sophisticated lady."
 Ambition—Secretary



Raymond Tunkel—"Ray"
*"Be happy while you can; you're a long
 time dead."*
 Ambition—Own a yacht

Christie Vander Valk—"Chris"
"The Rubinoff of Clifton High."
 Ambition—Chemical Engineer

Dirk Van Gelder—"Van"
"Oh, that eternal blush."
 Ambition—Chemical Engineer

Marie Van Noordt—"Boots"
"Learn to be quiet."
 Ambition—Private Secretary

Edward Vreeland—"Ed"
"What lies beneath his rough exterior?"
 Ambition—Private Secretary

Edith Walton
*"Friendship is like the sun's eternal
 rays."*
 Ambition—Piano Teacher

Sadie Ward—"Curly"
"Never overwork yourself."
 Ambition—Business

Ruth Weibrecht
"Honor is the reward of virtue."
 Ambition—Business

Lillian Weiner—"Lil"
"Why should life all labor be?"
 Ambition—Nurse





June Welker—"Junie"
"A light heart lives long."
 Ambition—Nurse

Lillian Wesley—"Lulu"
"There's mischief twinkling in her eyes."
 Ambition—Dental Assistant

Marion Wesley
*"Some think the world is made for fun
 and frolic,
 And so do I."*
 Ambition—Dress Designer

Roberta Wily—"Bert"
"Speech is great, but silence is greater."
 Ambition—Nurse

James Wolstenholme—"Wolley"
"Oh, teach me how to woo."
 Ambition—Doctor

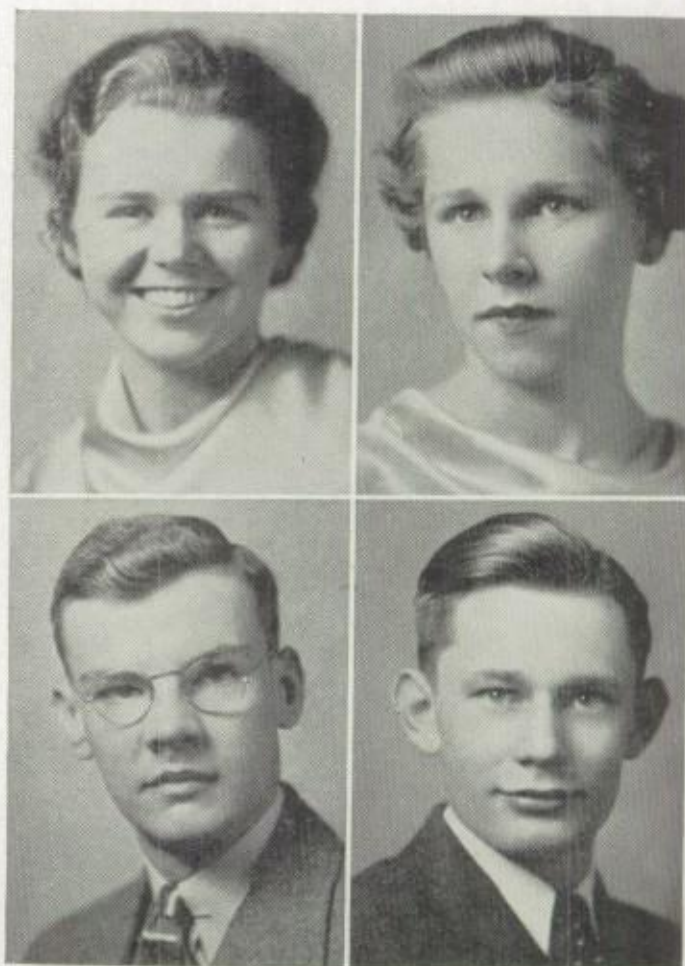
Helen Worschak—"Scotty"
"Life is just one big giggle."
 Ambition—Secretary

Estelle Yedlinsky
*"Be gentle in manner, but vigorous in
 deed."*
 Ambition—Private Secretary

Helene Yuhas
"A girl with a personality."
 Ambition—Undecided

Alden Zamborsky—"Zam"
*"A dry jest, sir; I have them at my finger
 tips."*
 Ambition—Chemical Engineer

Robert Zimmer—"Kaintuck"
"Pardon my southern accent."
 Ambition—Electrical Engineer



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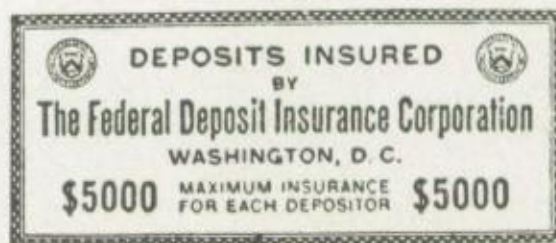
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